THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

MARCH 9, 1907 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

LETTERS TO JAY COOKE

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

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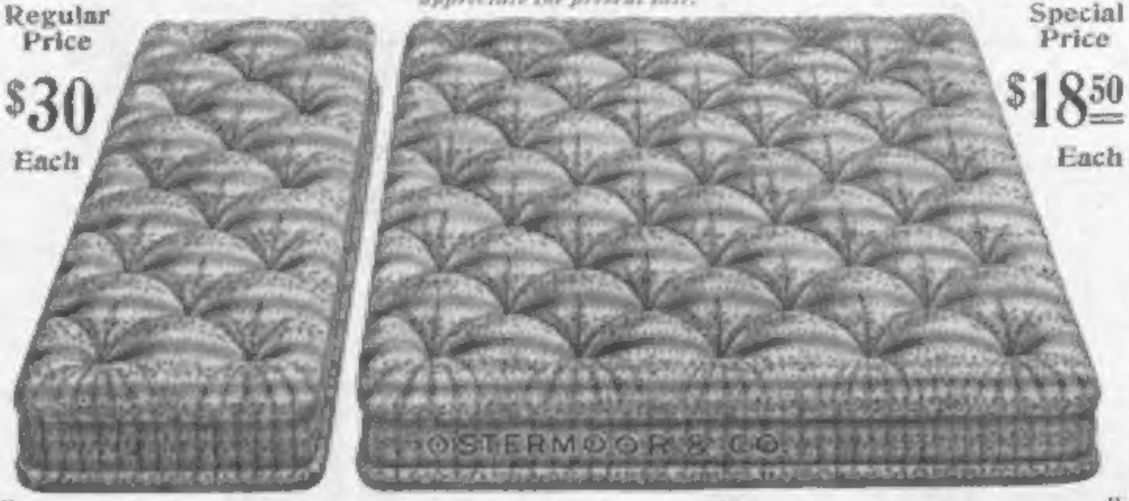

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always maintaining the highest standard in the quality of their cocoa and chocolate preparations, and selling them at the lowest prices for which unadulterated articles of good quality can be put upon the market.

¶ They receive numerous letters from housekeepers who have used their cocoa and chocolate for many years, stating that lately, when ordering the Baker goods, other goods of greatly inferior quality have been sent to them. They find it necessary therefore, for the protection of those who want their cocoa and chocolate, to issue an emphatic warning against these fraudulent practices, and to ask buyers to examine every package they receive, and see that it bears the well-known trade-mark of "La Belle Chocolatière," and the correct name of *Walter* Baker & Co., Ltd. Under the decisions of the United States courts, no other cocoa or chocolate is entitled to be labelled or sold as "Baker's Cocoa" or "Baker's Chocolate."

THE EDITOR'S COLUMN

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

421 to 427 Arch Street, Philadelphia

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A Brief History

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued to-day from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week—save only while the British army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile—when the magazine has not been issued.

During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1805 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Hughes—A Potential President

Who is going to be the next President of the United States? Some people are saying: "Charles E. Hughes, Governor of New York." Governor Hughes himself is not saying a word. As for making any open campaign for a nomination, he is not doing that, either. But Governor Hughes seems to have in him the making of a President of the United States if ever man had. And especially at this time. He was made Governor of New York against the wish of the bosses. He has turned them down every time they tried to persuade him to do their way against his own judgment. He believes he was elected Governor of New York in order to give the state an honest and efficient administration. The story of his rise to power, his nomination and his present methods is one of the most interesting chapters in recent political history. His character is just as interesting and stimulating as his career. The article "Hughes—A Potential President," which will appear in the next issue of the magazine, is the first satisfactory account of his personality and work that has yet been printed.

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Volume 179 PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 9, 1907 Number 36

LETTERS TO JAY COOKE

John Brown Writes from His Prison Cell—Mrs. Lincoln Complains of Her Treatment

Edited by Ellis P. Oberholtzer, Ph.D.

I

JAY COOKE, who was born in Sandusky, Ohio, in 1821, and died in Philadelphia in 1905, had compassed, in his nearly eighty-five years of life, a great many unusual experiences. In helping to finance the Mexican War, and in his vast operations connected with the sale of bonds during the Civil War, which was followed by his ambitious campaign to build the Northern Pacific Railroad and settle the Northwest, he came to know most of the public men of his day. He met them in a business way, and his friends included Lincoln, Grant, Vice-President Schuyler Colfax, Secretary of the Treasury and afterward Chief Justice Chase, and many more, most of them being tied to him still more closely by visits to his fine mansion, "Ogontz," in the Chelten Hills near Philadelphia, to which they were all so cordially bidden.

John Brown from His Prison

JOHN BROWN'S adventure at Harper's Ferry always deeply interested Mr. Cooke, and some of the old raider's sons afterward settled on the Lake Erie islands, off Sandusky, on one of which—a small rocky promontory called Gibraltar—the financier had a summer home.

Cooke once took Salmon P. Chase, then his guest, to hear from a son's lips the story of the attempt to free the slaves by a small body of zealots armed with pistols and pikestaffs. Among the Cooke papers is a letter which Brown wrote in prison at Charlestown, Jefferson County, Virginia (now West Virginia), on November 13, 1859, about a fortnight before he was hanged, to the Rev. Luther Humphrey. It is as follows:

"He Received Them Very Kindly"

"*My Dear friend:*

"Your kind letter of the 12th inst. is now before me. So far as my knowledge goes as to our mutual kindred I suppose *I am the first* since the landing of Peter Brown from the Mayflower that has *either been sentenced to imprisonment*, or to the gallows. But my dear old friend; let not that fact *alone* grieve you. You cannot have forgotten *how and where our Grand Father* (Capt. John Brown) fell in 1776 *& that he too* might have perished on the scaffold had circumstances been but *very little different*.

"*The fact* that a man dies under the hand of an executioner (or otherwise) has but little to do with his true character, as I suppose. John Rogers perished at the stake, *a great & good man* as I suppose; but *his being so* does *not prove* that any other man who has died in the same way was *good or otherwise*. Whether I have any reason to 'be of good cheer' (or not) in view of my end; I can assure you that *I feel so:* & that I am totally *blinded* if I do not really *experience* that *strengthening & consolation* you so faithfully implore in my behalf.

"God of *our Fathers:* reward your fidelity.

"I neither feel *mortified, degraded nor in the least ashamed* of my imprisonment, my chain, or my near prospect *of death by hanging*. I feel assured 'that not one hair shall fall from my head without my heavenly Father.' I also feel that I have *long been endeavouring* to hold exactly 'such a *fast* as God has chosen.' See the passage in Isaiah which you have quoted. No part of my life has been more happily spent; than that I have spent here: & I humbly *trust* that no part has been spent to better purpose. *I would not* say this *boastingly:* but 'thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory: *through Infinite grace.*'

"I should be Sixty years old were I to live till May 9th, 1860. I have enjoyed much of life as it is: & have been remarkably prosperous; having *early learned* to regard the welfare & prosperity of others as *my own*. I have never since I can remember required a great amount of sleep: so that I conclude that I have already enjoyed *full an average* number of waking hours with those who reach their 'Three Score years & Ten.' I have not as yet been driven to the use of glasses; but can still see to read & write quite comfortably. But more than that I have *generally* enjoyed remarkably good health. I might go on to recount unnumbered *and unmerited* blessings among which would be some very severe afflictions: & those the most needed blessings of all.

"And now when I think how easily I might *be left to spoil* all I have done, or suffered in the cause of freedom: I hardly dare risk another voyage; if I even had the opportunity. It is a long time since we met; but we shall now soon come together in our 'Father's house,' *I trust*. 'Let us hold fast that we already have,' 'remembering that we shall reap in due time if we faint not.' 'Thanks be *ever* unto God; who giveth us the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord.' And now my old warm-hearted friend, 'Goodbye.'

"Your Affectionate Cousin,

"JOHN BROWN."

Sherman's Narrow Escape

IN THE summer of 1863 John Sherman, while on a visit to Ohio, was almost captured by Morgan's cavalry during their sensational raid of the Western States. He wrote to Jay Cooke from Mansfield on July 18, 1863:

"I came very near being taken by Morgan. I was on the night train which enters Cincinnati via Dayton. At Columbus it was known that Morgan had reached the Dayton road and our train was therefore sent over the Little Missouri road. We arrived safely in Cincinnati at 6 A. M., but the train arriving at 7 A. M. was stopped near Loveland and all the passengers were robbed and paroled—a narrow escape that.

"The escape of Morgan, now probably secured, is a deep and damning disgrace to Burnside. Morgan was for three days within a circuit of twenty-five miles of Cincinnati followed by a large pursuing force. If Burnside could have checked him for ten hours Morgan could not have escaped. With the means Burnside had at his command he ought to have taken him and his band. It was humiliating to the last degree. There was a city with 20,000 men able to bear arms, a very populous country and numerous bodies of organized troops, and a great number of gunboats, and yet Morgan rides leisurely through and around them. Not a stick or a stone was thrown in his way in Hamilton County, and he might, for all the resistance Burnside would have made, have ridden through the city, seized the boats at the landing and crossed the river.

"I am sure from numerous indications he would have been welcomed by a mob who would have incited him to riot and plunder. The mob in New York was applauded.

"I have now been in several of the cities of the Union, and I regret to say that the opposition to the Administration is deep-seated and will surely break out in mobs and riots. Perhaps it cannot be avoided. It is an incident of civil war. . . . If we could only keep quiet at home the rebellion will soon be subdued."

Mr. Cooke was largely interested in the Sterling iron mines in Orange County, New York, near the present Tuxedo Park. About 1870 he, with Thomas A. Scott, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, Chief Justice Chase, Horace Greeley and other stockholders, visited the property. Peter Townsend, the original owner of the tract, was their host at a dinner at the Mansion House, the only hotel in the place.

Various kinds of wines were served and Greeley's temperance scruples were well known. The editor of the Tribune wore an old white overcoat, as famous in those times as Napoleon's surtout and cocked hat had ever been. Townsend had an overcoat of about the same color and size. Before the meal was done Greeley disappeared. So had Townsend's overcoat, in which it was remembered that there rested a bottle of whisky for warding off frostbite.

It was agreed that Greeley should be pursued, and all hands went in quest of him. At length he was discovered absent-mindedly breaking a piece of iron ore with a hammer, the neck of the flask protruding from the overcoat as he bent to his task. The editor

was charged with the offense, conducted back to the hotel and duly tried before the Chief Justice of the United States. Townsend was the prosecuting attorney, while the others composed the jury which found Greeley guilty on three separate counts:

First, of the felonious abstraction of an overcoat, the property of one Peter Townsend.

Second, of maintaining a place for the drinking of liquors without the payment of a license, in violation of the laws.

Third, of the moral iniquity of pretending to be a total abstainer, while he quenched his thirst slyly.

Chase, in imposing punishment, sentenced the culprit to pay a fine which would consist of his giving a champagne dinner for the party.

Little Mac's Implacable Enemy

CHASE, in 1862, became the violent and implacable enemy of General McClellan, while Lincoln seemed to support that commander. Chase had at first favored the "young Napoleon," but during the Peninsula campaign entirely "washed his hands" of responsibility for the General. He thought him "the cruelest imposition ever forced upon a nation," and, with Cooke, had a hand in deposing this "military genius."

Bold representations were made to Lincoln. "Mac the Unready" was said to be damaging the public credit seriously. After the second battle of Bull Run, when the defeated Union troops in rout fell back into Washington and Lincoln reinstated the idol of the army, Chase told Jay Cooke's brother Henry that, instead of yielding to the clamor, if he had been in the President's place he would have held a drumhead court martial and shot all the ringleaders in the "conspiracy." He thought it was plainly a scheme of "Little Mac's" admirers to ruin Pope, who had been set up in his stead. Lincoln had walked into the trap to Chase's complete dismay.

The subject was still on Chase's mind in November, 1864, after his own retirement. He wrote Cooke from Cincinnati, inclosing two resolutions passed by an organization in that city which he wished the financier to bring before the Union League in Philadelphia.

"I have long thought," he remarked at this time, "that the whole action of General McClellan should be made the subject of a thorough inquiry by an impartial and thoroughly competent board or court. His acts on several occasions, it seemed to me at the time, if not prompted by evil designs were of such fatal consequence that an investigation was demanded. If they endure the ordeal of scrutiny I shall rejoice; for no honest American can wish ill to a man who has been in the country's service."

In May, 1865, shortly after her husband's assassination, Mrs. Lincoln sent the following letter to Isaac Newton, a Quaker of many benevolent instincts who was in charge of the Department of Agriculture at Washington:

"CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.
"Tremont House, May 26.

"*My dear Mr. Newton:*

"We arrived here in safety on Wednesday at noon, wearied in body and very sick at heart, as you may well imagine.

"If our Merciful Father when He allowed my beloved husband to have been removed had only permitted my own worthless life to have been taken, I feel assured, from the future of sorrow and privation which is unmistakably before us, much anguish would have been spared me.

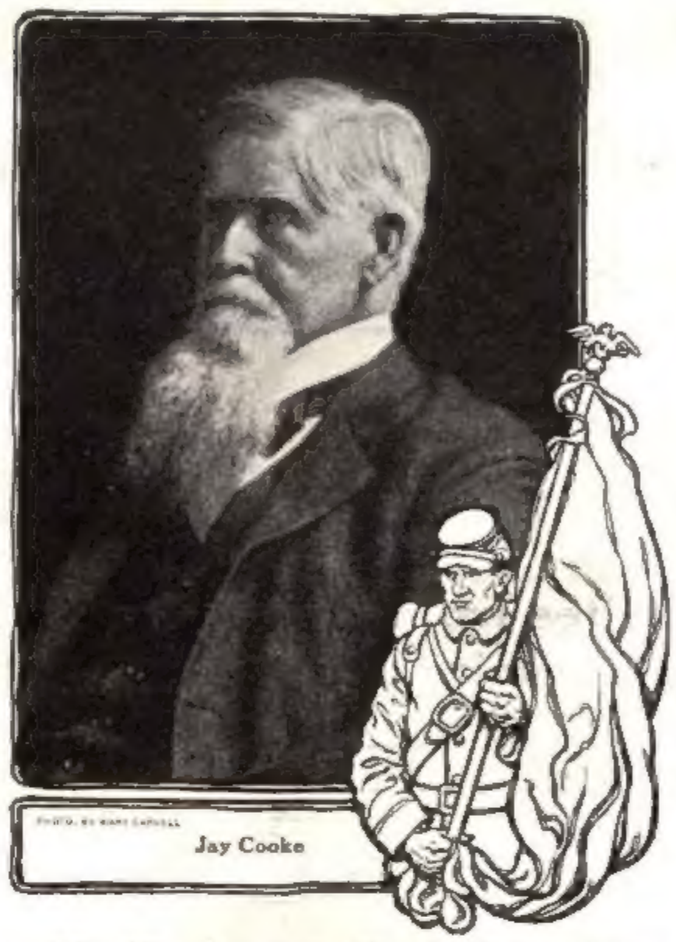
"My precious boys alone remain to bless me, and my pain is intense when I think of the deep waters they are so early called to pass through. As for myself, my burden is almost too heavy to bear, and there is no way of escape.

"Robert had written for two bedrooms and a small parlor; we have occupied them for two days, but a friend informed us to-day that the latter—the charge for parlor—is always at this house ten dollars a day and in Fair Week it will be doubled. So we have concluded, as our means are very small and reduced, that we will give up to-morrow the luxury of a parlor, as small as it is. Next week we propose seeking lodgings some three or four miles out where lodging may be cheaper, and Robert can come in by railroad every morning by nine o'clock to attend to his business and return in the evening.

"Doctor Henry left here this morning for Springfield; he says it is just as he feared here—not the least sign of anything being done for us, and we not able to board at a first-class house. Dear Mr. Newton, what a sad change for us without my darling husband in this world, and reduced after occupying the station we did. If we had him with us again a crust would be sufficient for me. As it is, it is humiliating for us to know and have the world feel that the blight has fallen upon us in every way.

"It is very strange that my good and noble husband, whose delight was ever to be open-handed, should thus be rewarded for his love of his country and the cause of humanity. Yet, even situated as we are, I would not recall one dollar he ever gave to the needy and suffering.

"Your friend,
"MARY LINCOLN."



Jay Cooke

This appeal, like nearly all requests for aid at that time, no matter where or by whom they were originated, came into Mr. Cooke's hands.

"I regret very much she is not more comfortable," Mr. Newton wrote to the financier. "I hope the friends of her lamented husband will provide a comfortable home for her in Chicago, where she can settle down in her own house with the domestic comforts that she is entitled to by the people of this nation. . . . Friend Cooke, I want thee to move in this matter, and thee can very soon raise a sum to purchase her a home for life, and then to go to her two sons, Robert and Thomas Lincoln."

Simon Cameron also took up the case vigorously, but the financier was not greatly moved by the appeal, although he was famous for his generosity. To him, and he was in a position to know, the need of the family did not seem to be great. Judge Davis, the administrator of the Lincoln estate, kept the moneys in Jay Cooke's bank in Washington. He had in hand forty-nine thousand dollars of the bonds known as "81s," eight thousand dollars in "five-twenties" and seven thousand and fifty dollars in "seven-thirties," of an aggregate value of a little over sixty-five thousand dollars, the interest on which reduced to currency would net about five thousand dollars per annum. In addition, there was a cash balance, together with the homestead and other property in Illinois, valued at eighteen thousand dollars. The estate, therefore, was known to have a total value of about eighty-two thousand dollars, while Mrs. Lincoln by this time had some twenty-three thousand dollars in "seven-thirties" in her own name, the proceeds of an appropriation of Congress, invested by United States Treasurer Spinner for her account through Jay Cooke's Washington house. "Judge Davis has talked to me very freely about her, finding much fault with her," Cooke's Washington cashier wrote him in reply to an inquiry, and said, "Her son Robert deprecates her course most decidedly." Cameron persisted, however, in his movement to raise twenty thousand dollars with which to purchase Mrs. Lincoln a home, giving $1000 himself and collecting $1000 each from Davis and Cooke, despite their coolness toward the project.

In 1872 Hugh McCulloch, having retired as Secretary of the Treasury, was in London at the head of Jay Cooke's English house. He was accused of sharing the views of Andrew Johnson, in whose Cabinet he sat. In the bitter quarrels of that Administration he incurred the enmity of Grant. Seeing that his friends at home were becoming much wrought up over the chances of Greeley's success in the Presidential elections of that year, he wrote:

"Let the election result as it may, the legitimate results of the War will not be jeoparded, the rebels will not be restored to power, the colored people will not be oppressed, the rebel debt will not be assumed (indeed, it cannot be under the amended Constitution), and the national credit will not be impaired. The prediction that such things are to happen in case of the election of Mr. Greeley may serve party purposes at home, but unfortunately it does present and serious injury abroad.

"I have seen the country ruined a half-dozen times during the canvass of Presidential elections, but it always came out right after the elections were over. . . . It is right and proper that you should praise General Grant for his great military, if not for his great civil services, but I submit that it is best that this should be done without denouncing his competitor, who may be President, as a traitor or the tool of traitors. . . . I make it a point to speak well of both. If you cannot speak well of Greeley don't denounce him."

Thought Abe Lincoln a Bore

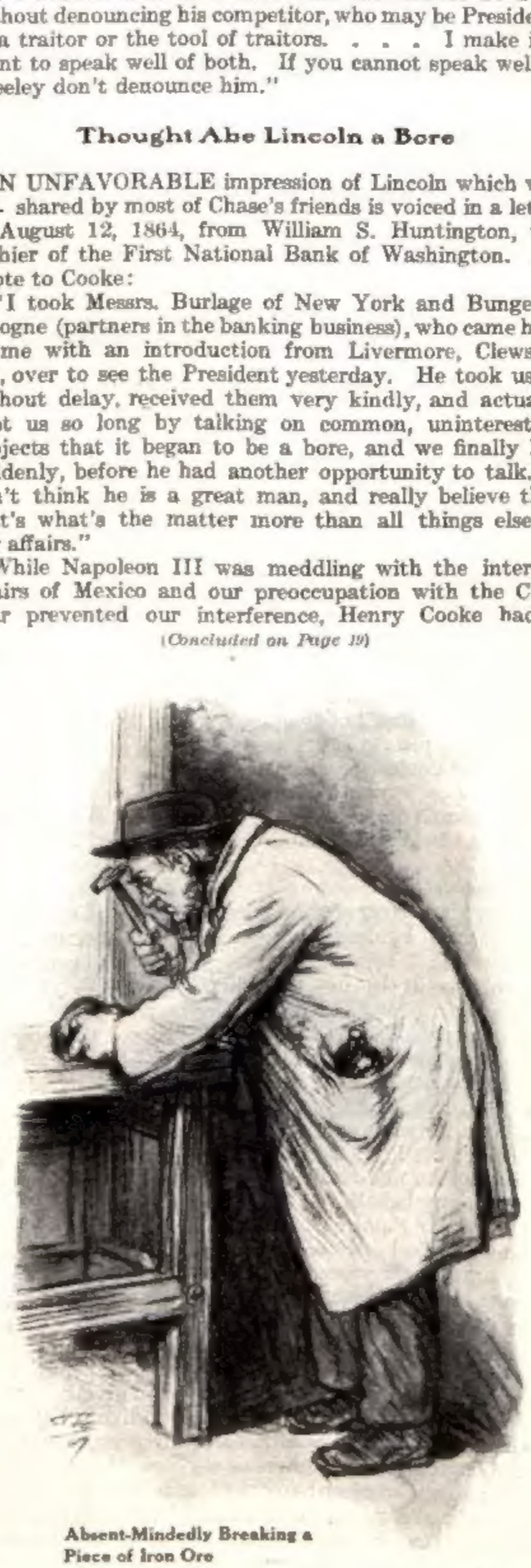
AN UNFAVORABLE impression of Lincoln which was shared by most of Chase's friends is voiced in a letter of August 12, 1864, from William S. Huntington, the cashier of the First National Bank of Washington. He wrote to Cooke:

"I took Messrs. Burlage of New York and Bunge of Cologne (partners in the banking business), who came here to me with an introduction from Livermore, Clews & Co., over to see the President yesterday. He took us in without delay, received them very kindly, and actually kept us so long by talking on common, uninteresting subjects that it began to be a bore, and we finally left suddenly, before he had another opportunity to talk. I don't think he is a great man, and really believe that that's what's the matter more than all things else in our affairs."

While Napoleon III was meddling with the internal affairs of Mexico and our preoccupation with the Civil War prevented our interference, Henry Cooke had a

(Concluded on Page 19)

"I Do Not Feel Degraded by My Near Prospect of Death by Hanging"



Absent-Mindedly Breaking a Piece of Iron Ore

The Coming Parliament of Man

As Seen from the Capitals of Europe. I—London

By William T. Stead

THE Old World is just beginning to wake up to a consciousness that the New Year will bring with it the first Parliament of Man that has ever assembled on this planet. When President Roosevelt, acting upon the suggestion of the Interparliamentary Union, proposed, in the midst of the Russo-Japanese War, that a new conference should be summoned at The Hague, he did not foresee how momentous would be the consequences of his proposition. By international courtesy, the actual summoning of the conference was placed in the hands of the Czar, and he availed himself of his opportunity by inviting to The Hague the representatives of every independent sovereign state the name and address of whose Minister for Foreign Affairs he could find in the Almanach de Gotha. The King of Abyssinia duly received his invitation. The new King of Norway was not forgotten. All the republics of Central and Southern America were invited, and all but one accepted the invitation. It is doubtful whether the Sultan of Morocco, the only independent sovereign left in all Western Africa, was asked. And by some curious oversight the only independent republic in Africa, the negro state of Liberia, was overlooked. Its absence, although to be regretted, will not impair the international authority of the forthcoming conference. It will be a veritable Parliament of the Human Race, the like of which has never before assembled in the history of mankind. Forty sovereign states will be represented, whose governments exercise effective sovereignty over "all people that on earth do dwell," with the exception of some wandering nomads or remote savages who have as yet escaped the yoke of civilization.

At the first conference of The Hague, which met on May 18, 1899, and closed on July 29, twenty-six powers were represented, including the vassal state of Bulgaria and the principality of Montenegro, which was represented by the Russian delegate. If the number of the powers who will send plenipotentiaries to the second Hague Conference will be increased by fifty per cent. there will be a still greater increase in the potential energy which it will represent. The delegate from China in 1899 was a mere lay figure, a picturesque ornamental appendage, who added nothing to the weight of the authority or to the value of the counsels of the conference. This year the new China will for the first time make herself felt in the politics of the international world. In 1899, Japan was an active, intelligent power, whose delegates commanded curiosity and respect. But she was only on the threshold. This year Japan inspires not only respect, but dread. She has won her way to the front rank of world-powers. Asia, in the persons of China and Japan, will speak with authority. No longer a continent hitherto regarded as the destined prey of the Western powers, Asia—Imperial Asia—confronts her spoilers with undaunted mien, and assumes with dignity an equal place in the counsels of the world with Europe and America.

Peacemakers from the Land of Revolutions

THE most significant feature of the new conference will be the appearance for the first time in such an assembly of the representatives of the Central and South American states. In 1899, Mexico alone was represented at The Hague. This year all the great republics of the South American continent will send delegates, and all but one small republic of Central America. It is a new world that will be revealed to the old. Hitherto, Brazil, Chile, the Argentine have been little more than names on the map to the chancelleries of Europe. This year they will claim recognition as sovereign states with a right to be heard in international questions equal to that of the German or the British empires.

What contribution will these newcomers bring to the collective wisdom of the nations? Will there be revealed among their delegates a statesman whose shrewdness and sagacity will enable him to hold his own against men long schooled in the arts of Old-World diplomacy?

The new conference meets with one advantage which its predecessor lacked. In 1899 The Hague Conference wrote up before the eyes of all men and of all nations: "This is the Way. Walk ye in it." And history in the last seven years has been diligently recording the consequences of disregarding that advice. Before the eyes of all the members of the new conference there is written up the story of those who refused to walk in the way of The Hague:

Great Britain, fined for erring from the way,	£250,000,000
Russia and Japan, fined for erring from the way	£200,000,000

And this is to say nothing of the losses of the belligerents in ships and in lives! Neither the South African War nor that between Russia and Japan would have occurred had the recommendations of The Hague Convention been acted upon. The differences that ultimately precipitated war were of a nature capable of being settled amicably by any one of the methods suggested by the last conference. But, in pride and in the naughtiness of their hearts, the very powers which signed the convention at The Hague refused to act upon their own recommendations. For which things vengeance has come upon the children of the ungodly. All three nations, England, Russia and Japan, have discovered that now, as of old time, the way of the transgressor is hard.

Another lesson has been taught other nations in the last seven years, and that is the intolerable nuisance of wars to neutrals. The meeting of this conference is itself a proof of this. It was summoned, primarily, to deal with questions of contraband of war, the rights of neutrals and the capture of private property at sea. It is beginning to be discovered that the world is too small and too crowded a place for belligerents to fight in without doing almost as much harm to bystanders as to combatants. The right of neutrals, therefore, to impose restrictions upon the right of disputants to appeal to arms is stronger to-day than it was seven years ago. In 1914 it will be stronger still.

The Second Childhood of War

THE shrinkage of the world, under electricity and steam, the continual multiplication of the nerve-fibres of civilization, the creation of new centres of commerce, new lines of cables, new services of steamships, all render war more and more of an impossible anachronism. It is as contrary to the Decalogue to take human life on a cattle-ranch as in Broadway. But if cowboys shoot and kill on the prairies it concerns no one but themselves. A free fight in Broadway which dislocated the traffic of New York might not be more deadly—so far as the cause of quarrel went it might even be more justifiable. But the interest of the general community would compel its instant suppression. The whole world is becoming more or less like crowded Broadway. None of the forty powers which will be assembled at The Hague could declare war upon any one of its neighbors without inflicting injuries upon the subjects of other powers with whom it had no ground of quarrel. All these very obvious truths are nowhere so much appreciated as in London, and that for a very obvious reason. England was the chief sinner against The Hague Convention. England has been the chief sufferer, and England, more than any European power, is bent upon using the forthcoming conference to repair so far as possible the mischief done by the faults and follies of the last seven years. The enormous increase of the armaments, which the conference of 1899 was summoned to arrest, has since then received an immense impetus.

Of all the powers of the Old World, no power has increased its expenditure on its army and navy so much as Great Britain. The increase in the annual expenditure for the British Navy has been greater in these seven years than the increase in the combined navies of France, Germany and Russia. For the increase in naval expenditure the Englishman feels that he has something to show. It is far otherwise with the increase in the money spent on the army. That has risen by fifty million dollars per annum, but no one feels that the army is any stronger than it was in 1899.

Lord Roberts, indeed, declares that it is absolutely weaker and less fit for war. Hence the strong desire on the part of the electorate—a desire which found overwhelming expression at the polls—that something should be done, if not to get back to the standard of 1899, at least to arrest all further increase and to pave the way for progressive reductions. Lord Salisbury declared in 1899 that the expenditure on armaments even then had reached such a scale as to threaten the world with a catastrophe in which civilization itself might disappear. Since then the army and navy expenditures of Germany, England, France and Russia have risen from 825 million dollars in 1899 to 1010 million dollars in 1905—an increase of 22½ per cent. Had the stand-still proposition of the Czar been adopted and acted upon in 1899, these four countries would have escaped an annual burden of 185 million dollars. Reckoning this as a permanent charge, it is equivalent to three per cent. on a war debt of over six thousand million dollars, for which there is nothing to show, and, in the case of Russia and England, even less than nothing.

A Limit to Armed Force

HENCE it is that the British Government has taken the initiative among the European powers in demanding that the question of a reduction of armaments shall figure conspicuously on the agenda paper of the conference. I was at Peterhof on the very day on which the Czar approved the original program of the new conference. He expressed to me the satisfaction with which he regarded the limitation of its proposals to "practical things." The remark seemed to me to register the disillusion which six years has brought to the author of the famous Rescript of 1898. But, although that program of "practical things" still stands, it is scouted as utterly inadequate by the British Government, which insists upon reviving in the new conference the Czar's stand-still proposition, which met with so little sympathy at The Hague in 1899.

There is formal justification for their attitude in the *acte final* of the last conference, which set forth that the plenipotentiaries had voted with unanimity the following resolutions:

The conference is of opinion that the limitation of the military charges which weigh so heavily on the world is extremely desirable for the increase of the moral and material well-being of humanity.

The conference further expressed a desire that the governments, taking into account the propositions made in the conference, would undertake the study of the possibility of arriving at an understanding concerning the limitation of armed forces on land and on sea and of war budgets.

The armament question, therefore, stands over from the preceding conference and can hardly be ignored by its successor. The British Government is determined that it shall not be ignored. It is impelled to take this decided course by its own convictions, its own necessities, and the unanimous vote of the House of Commons. In what precise form it will bring the question before the conference is not yet settled. An inter-departmental committee has been for some time considering the subject, and the result of its deliberations is not yet published. But it is believed that the British proposal will suggest that each power should agree not to increase its military expenditure for the next seven years above the figures of the present year, and that, in naval expenditure, there should be a general agreement not to build any ships of greater size than those at present under construction, and that for seven years shipbuilding should be limited to renewals and repairs. There are difficulties in the way of adopting this proposition, difficulties obvious to the merest tyro. But, although the form of the proposal may be varied, it is essential that the principle should be brought before the conference and pressed with energy and earnestness by all those powers which really desire peace and which are not less desirous of burdening peace with this monstrous expenditure for war.

Sir Edward Grey, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, is the British statesman who, after the Prime Minister, stands highest in the estimation of the House of Commons and the country. He comes of a family which, in the last century, has given many a famous Minister to the British Crown. It was an Earl of the same name who carried the Reform Act of 1832, which began the democratic era in England. Another Grey was the most trusted adviser of Queen Victoria. Sir Edward has in him the promise of renown as great as that achieved by any of the Greys of Northumberland. He is only forty-three, but no Foreign Secretary of our time has commanded to the same extent the confidence of the House of Commons, and the respect and support of his political opponents. Almost devoid of personal ambition, there is no position in the state which does not lie within his grasp. A level-headed, clear-thinking, imperturbably courageous man, he is universally recognized as an ideal representative of Great Britain in her dealings with her neighbors. Although passionate for peace, he is punctilious in the discharge of the duties of the empire, even though they brought us perilously near to war in fulfilling our responsibilities to France in Morocco, and even nearer when compelling the Sultan to respect the frontier of Egypt.

I had an opportunity of discussing the program of the conference with Sir Edward Grey just before Christmas. I have had many varied experiences in my life, but one of the strangest was that of being rebuked by a Foreign Secretary for not being keen enough in the cause of disarmament! I had ventured to suggest that in view of the published program of various powers it would only be knocking our head against a stone wall to bring forward the question of armaments at The Hague. Sir Edward Grey's response was as just as it was severe.

"A conference of this kind," he said, "which did not attempt to deal with the question of armaments would become the laughing-stock of the nations. It would be covered with contempt, and deservedly so. For the reduction, or at least the arrest of the increase, of armaments is the question of supreme importance, and a conference which feared to face that question would be a fiasco from the start."

No Dictation to be Tolerated

WHEN I asked whether it was not true that one power had accepted an invitation to the conference on condition that the question of armaments was not brought forward, I was told that no single power had the right to dictate to all the powers in such a world-conference as to what they should or should not discuss. As to my misgivings as to the chance of success, I was told that if the conference was not prepared to act in the matter it was all the more necessary to bring forward the subject for discussion; for of all means of ripening public opinion nothing was so efficacious as the public debating of questions by responsible statesmen. Any one who feared so much being left in a minority on a division as to abstain from forcing on a debate would always be in a minority.

Hence the British Government was resolved to bring the question of armaments before the coming conference, whatever might be the immediate result. If it failed this year it would bring the subject forward again at every future conference, feeling assured that each discussion in the world's parliament would bring it nearer to final success.

This was, indeed, good hearing. But, while a debate on armaments might be invaluable as a means of educating the public opinion of the world on one of the most important phases of the question of international peace, to put armaments first is to put the cart before the horse. The Prime Minister, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, one of the most cautious and most sagacious of men, indicated the true order of proceeding in the memorable manifesto which he launched on taking office a year ago. Addressing his party at the Albert Hall, London, he declared that he hoped to see the formation of a League of Peace among the nations, which would enable them to reap the advantages of the reductions in expenditure that would be secured when armaments were readjusted to the alteration effected by the general adoption of the principles of The Hague Convention.

The Union of the Peaceful

HERE we have not only the key of the situation, but the right order of progress clearly indicated. First, the formation of the League of Peace; second, the general adoption of the principles of The Hague Convention; third, reductions in military and naval expenditure.

The chief importance of the second Hague Conference lies in the opportunity which it affords of ascertaining which of the powers there represented are ready to join Great Britain in the proposed League of Peace. When I say Great Britain I ought to add that it is the universal hope and belief in London that in the new Hague Conference, as in the preceding, the two English-speaking nations will act as a unit in the furtherance of the cause of international solidarity and international peace. The Empire and the Republic, taken together, represent a far greater mass of population and extent of area than any other power in the world. Those two world-powers, the British Empire and the American Republic, constitute the solid nucleus of the League of Peace. Around them will be grouped all the smaller powers, such as the Scandinavians, the Dutch, the Belgians, the Portuguese—whose only object is peace and who entertain no warlike ambitions. The attitude of the South American states is undeclared, but it is confidently expected that they will be a powerful and numerous reënforcement of the League of Peace. There remain the greater powers, whose attitude is more or less dubious. France and Russia on one side, Germany and Austria on the other, may look askance at the proposed League. Japan and China will probably approve, with reservations. Spain, Italy and the Balkan states will probably follow the Anglo-American lead. Turkey is an indeterminate factor, not of much account. The same may be said of Persia and the rest of the forty states.

The League of Peace which, it is hoped, will be established at the second Hague Conference, will, if these calculations be correct, start with the certain support of thirty out of the forty states into which the world is divided, while it is quite possible it may include all but two or three. The great thing is to separate the sheep from the goats—to ascertain who are for peace and who are for war. The division having taken place, the pacific powers can league together for the maintenance of peace. No such mutual alliance will be possible to powers that remain outside the League of Peace.

What, then, is the shibboleth which can be put forward to select who is for peace and who is for war?

That is the question which for months past has been discussed with much earnestness by those who in England and America have concerned themselves with this matter. As the result of these informal and private *pourparlers*, it seems to be agreed that the basis of the League of Peace must be a general declaration, to which the conference should be asked to accede, to some such effect as this:

The conference declares that any state which in the future shall appeal to the sword for the settlement of international disputes, without having first availed itself of any of the pacific expedients recommended in The Hague Convention of 1899, is guilty of the gravest offense against the moral and material interests of mankind, and should be regarded as the common enemy of the human race.

The terms of the declaration may, of course, be modified to suit the susceptibilities of the various powers. But its essence must stand. The Parliament of Man must formally launch the major excommunication of humanity against a state which resorts to war without having first exhausted those resources of civilization which are duly set forth in the recommendations of the conference of 1899.

It will be objected in some quarters, where the provisions of The Hague Convention are imperfectly understood, that this is merely to insist that questions in dispute should be referred to arbitration, and that, as no nation will refer to arbitration questions affecting its honor and vital interests, there is no chance of this declaration being accepted. But this objection disappears when the text of the convention is examined. The declaration that is suggested does not refer to arbitration. The term arbitration is never used excepting as implying a reference to a tribunal whose award both disputants bind themselves in advance to accept. From an arbitral award there can be no appeal to the Supreme Court of War. But The Hague Convention does not confine itself to recommending arbitration. It makes two other recommendations of a much more practical nature for the avoidance of war. Of these recommendations the most important is that contained in Article VIII, which is as follows:

The signatory powers are agreed in recommending the application, when circumstances permit, of special mediation in the following form:

In case of a serious difference endangering peace, the states at variance shall each choose a power to whom they intrust the mission of entering into direct communication with the power chosen on the other side, with the object of preventing the rupture of pacific relations.

During the period of this mandate, the terms of which, unless otherwise stipulated, cannot exceed thirty days, the states in conflict shall cease from all direct communication on the subject of the dispute, which is regarded as having been referred exclusively to the mediating powers, who shall use their best efforts to settle the controversy.

This clause is one in which Americans are specially interested, for its existence is due to the efforts of the late Mr. F. W. Holls, who was secretary of the American delegation at The Hague.

When I was in Rome in 1898, on my way home from Livadia, whither I had gone for the purpose of discussing the program of the conference with the Czar, I dined with M. de Nelidoff, then Russian Ambassador to Italy. M. de Nelidoff, who, by the by, will probably preside over the coming conference, told me that there was only one thing the conference could do to avert war—that was to insist upon the adoption in international disputes of the same rule as had always prevailed in the regulation of duels.

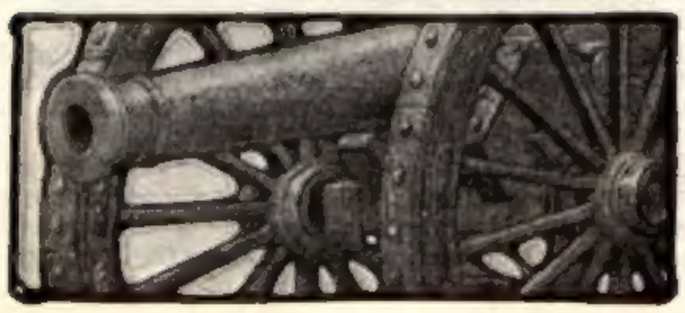
"Only in the barbarous frontier lands," said M. de Nelidoff, "is it permitted for men to shoot each other the moment they quarrel. Civilized countries have for centuries insisted upon a certain interval being interposed between the quarrel and the fight. No matter how gross the insult, no appeal can be made to arms until the friends of the two parties have met, have decided that no honorable means exist by which a hostile meeting can be avoided, and have agreed upon the choice of arms, etc. What the conference should do is to assimilate the rules of war, which is an international duel, to the law of the duel in private life. At present nations are like desperadoes of the Far West, who shoot at sight, without warning or other preliminaries. That ought to be changed. When the final breach takes place the affair should be placed in the hands of two friendly powers, each disputant selecting his own second, and these friendly seconds should be allowed a certain interval during which they can use their best endeavors to compose the quarrel. This would secure (1) delay and time for passion to cool, and (2) the bringing in of new negotiators who might make a fresh deal. Of course, they might in the end find that war was inevitable, and war would then take place. But, on the other hand, they might succeed, and then war would be averted. It is not an infallible specific against war. But it would give civilization a new security for peace, and, therefore, it ought to be adopted."

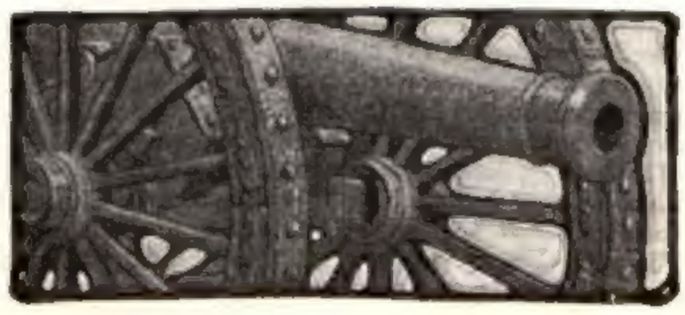
How the Boer War Might Have Been Averted

I PRINTED M. de Nelidoff's suggestion in my United States of Europe, where it caught the eye of Mr. Holls. He was much taken with the idea, which he said had previously been pressed upon him in America. He brought it before the conference, and Article VIII was the result.

The eminently practical nature of this recommendation cannot be more strikingly illustrated than by the fact that if the signatory powers had acted on their own recommendation neither the South African War nor the war between Russia and Japan would have taken place. The war with the Boers was forced upon President Kruger by Lord Milner against the wishes of the Home Government, which would easily have found an honorable way of avoiding war if only there could have been a truce and a fresh deal with new negotiators. The Boers distrusted Milner and Chamberlain. If only such a man as Lord Pauncefote had been called in as a special mediator on one

(Continued on Page 23)





THE TIME-LOCK

In Which the Occasional Offender Aids in a Beneficent Operation and Meets with a Surprise

By ARTHUR STRINGER

"You *are* a Cool One!" was All She Said

I

AT ANY other time the thing would never have tempted me. But I was like a schoolboy out for a holiday. I was hungry for stir and excitement, dizzy with that most drunken of all intoxications, love of warfare. I had to purge my reasserting animal spirits in action.

For when a man has escaped captivity by a turn of the hand and five years in "stir" by the skin of his teeth he can't help taking a dive or two back into life, just to feel the freedom and buoyancy of it!

And there that unlocked door had swung and dangled, like a fly in front of a hungry trout. And there I had waited and circled and back-finned until the moment seemed ripe. Then I made my dash.

It wasn't until I was actually inside the door that I stopped and listened, and, peering through the gloom to the right and then to the left, began to reckon on the risks I had taken. So far, though, everything seemed safe.

I tucked my skeleton-keys away out of sight. I next took off my gloves. Then I transferred my revolver from its padded hip-pocket to the pocket of my coat. Then, resting my suit-case, so neatly packed to its brim with The Outfit, I cautiously lifted out from among the wires and instruments my little storage flashlight, no larger than a morocco-bound prayer-book. Then I groped my way forward, slowly, step by step.

It had been a neat piece of work from the first. There had not been a blunder, a single false step. It was almost consolation enough for my "rumble" on the Edison *coup*. And there was still plenty of time before me. I was a little worried, nevertheless, at the fact that the entire front hall was in darkness. That was not the usual order of things, so early in the evening, in bankers' houses. But it had one advantage. It would make my work easier.

I tried the first door or two, cautiously, merely to make sure of a possible retreat in case of a servant passing. Remotely, from belowstairs, I could hear the drone of some one singing, and what seemed like the occasional clatter of dishes.

The first two hall doors, I found, opened into quietude and darkness. Everything was as safe as Broadway. Another fifteen minutes and I could be away from the house again.

Suddenly I was startled by a voice, almost at my elbow. It was a woman's voice, clear and cool and authoritative, and it sent a tingle of dread down my crouching body as I recoiled and wheeled and let my right hand drop to my coat-pocket.

"*I've been watching you ever since you came through that door!*" were the words that sounded out of the darkness before me. And I realized, from the calm and deliberative tones of that young woman's voice, that she likewise knew what I was and why I was there!

II

A SUDDEN light exploded on the darkness as she spoke, for her fingers had switched on the electrolier. Then I saw my captor in an open door to the right of the wide stairway. She had nothing in her hands. And she was a very foolish young woman, for she was laughing. I suppose it was at the ferociousness or the ridiculous fear on my startled face.

"I'm sorry to frighten you," I began, removing my hat.

"Pardon me, but you didn't!" she retorted with spirit. "You only embarrassed me." She suddenly became quite serious. I looked toward the street door.

"You needn't be nervous," she said very placidly. "I'm not going to scream!"

"Then we're only detaining each other!" I ventured, with a step back toward the door.

"We *are!*" she answered with a decisiveness that brought me up sharp.

That foolish young woman never knew how near I came to throttling her as I stood there calculating my chances of getting her by her round, little throat before she could give an alarm. But she was wary, and I still hoped the old-time Chesterfieldian ruse would come to my help. I was vain enough to think my presence had not left her unimpressed. Then she spoke again, and something crisp and peremptory in her manner made me still afraid of her.

"Come inside, please," she said with a motion toward the room door.

There was nothing for me to do but go. She was not an ordinary woman. And, after all, it was much safer there than in the open hallway.

She was also a very discreet young person, for as I stepped softly in after her and closed the door she stood facing me, squarely, with her left hand half-carelessly clinging to the tasseled, crimson bell-cord.

"Sit down, please," she said.

I placed my precious Outfit suit-case beside a club-chair and made myself comfortable. Then I laughed a little, in spite of myself.

"You *are* a cool one!" was all she said.

"May I return the compliment?" I ventured. She looked at me studiously, almost in perplexity, I thought. We were in a luxurious room done in forest-green and white. The walls were flanked with low bookshelves, with here and there the gleam of a statuette or a bit of carved ivory.

"You are a burglar, aren't you—a housebreaker?"

It was more a declaration than a question, but again the curt and businesslike tones of her voice left me floundering in sloughs of doubt.

"Let's put it I was dropping in for a cup of tea!" I parried. Women, I knew, were always susceptible to a touch of gentility in a criminal, and my best plan would be to humor her and await my first chance of getting away. But she was still studying me, closely, debatingly.

"Are you in need of money?" she suddenly asked me. "Are you poor?"

"Aren't we getting a little bit personal?" I equivocated, wondering what she was driving at. Then I noticed her hurried little hand-move of impatience.

"But why do you ask me that?" I ventured.

Her eyes coasted the room with a gaze that astonished me, for it was a gaze of utter misery, of hopelessness and rebellion.

"*Because you have broken into a house of thieves!*" she cried.

III

THE unhappiness of her face left me speechless for a moment. Then I echoed the word "Thieves?"

"It was Like Staring Broadside into a Noonday Sun"

"Yes, thieves!" she answered, and I thought from the sudden heaving of her breast that she was going to burst into tears. She made a dab or two at her eyes with a bit of lace, but that was all. Then, with a little upthrust of each rounded shoulder, she seemed to pull herself together, rather proudly, and turned back to me with a second sudden change of manner. As she looked down at me she emitted a gasp and took a step toward my chair, with her lips parted.

Whatever she had willed to say was left unspoken, for at that moment there smote on our ears the sound of slow and solemn steps passing in the hallway without. Above these steps rose a thick and placid voice, chanting what must have been a coster song. It was, I surmised, nothing more than a bibulous footman or butler ascending the stairs. But the woman carefully switched off the light until the house was silent once more.

"I was hoping for a moment that you were in want—that you were miserably poor," she began again, looking at me with widening eyes.

It was my turn to shrug a shoulder: my spirits were rising.

"But, surely, if you could risk such things"—she moved her head in the direction of the street door—"for the mere sake of a little ——"

She broke off, in her growing misery, as though uncertain of herself.

"Or *are* you just a sneak-thief with the soul of a sneak-thief?" she inappositely demanded of me.

"If I were *that*," I righteously retorted, "you'd have been throttled some time ago!"

She seemed to be pondering what I had just said.

"Look here," she suddenly exclaimed, "time's too precious for either of us to be beating round the bush like this! You're a man of intelligence—you've got brains. And you must have *one* kind of bravery or you'd never be here!"

I bowed to her all too flattering denomination. She brushed my frivolities aside with an impatient hand. A sudden, more tragic look came creeping in about her meditative eyes.

"I've just decided—I've just been compelled to decide on something where I need help immediately. I need *your* help at once! I can't—no; I daren't do it alone!"

I took advantage of her moment of preoccupying excitement to rise from my chair: I still thought it safer nearer the street.

"Then why not explain a little more fully?" I asked, as a blind. She made one of her peremptory motions for me to reseat myself. This I did, with a sigh. Yet there was something almost companionable in her attitude as she sank limply into a chair before me. I saw her look down at her little gold watch with a start of dismay.

"Oh, we've been losing time!" she cried, starting to her feet again. Then she wheeled on me, almost triumphantly. "You've *got* to do it! I can compel you to—I can make you choose that or the police!"

"I think I'd rather do it the other way!"

"Would you?" she asked, fired with a sudden hope.

"Perhaps, when I know what it is!"

"Then listen," she hurried on tragically. "Fifteen minutes ago I found out too much about you—now you must be told too much about me and

mine! That will put us on common ground—it will be making it a case of honor between ——"

"Thieves!" I finished for her.

"Yes—yes, it's that!" she gasped with a frightened look about the room. "I can't tell you everything now—I can only explain enough to make you see that what I have to do is not so mad as it seems. I have a younger brother—he has been in some terrible kind of gambling game with a man named Winnett. This afternoon he went to his father's office. It was to borrow money, I think—he had been drinking. And when he was alone there for a few minutes he took—he *stole* thirty thousand dollars out of the vault!"

IV

I STOOD watching her while she struggled to gain her composure once more.

"I don't think he dreamed he was taking so much," she went on, unsteadily, but determinedly. "I don't think he quite knew what he was doing. He's only a boy—a poor, pampered, irresponsible boy! But every dollar, every penny of that money has to be put back!"

I bowed, comprehendingly, and once more waited for her.

"You see," she said, wringing her bit of lace, "this is the hard part of it. No one must know! It must be done before his father goes back to the bank to-night—he always goes back on steamer nights! He would never forgive him—he would be relentless! You see, it would mean his honor, his name—everything!"

She was in tears by this time, crying miserably, bitterly.

"Then why not have the young gentleman take it back himself?" I demanded.

"That's what makes it so hard—it's too late! It's impossible. The boy is not—I mean he's—he's not responsible—yet!"

I thought I understood.

"He was a thief—I had to be a thief to save him!" she sobbed. "And unless it's returned, every officer, every clerk in the company will know of it by ten o'clock to-morrow! And his father—all of us—have overlooked so much."

A slow and insidious wine seemed creeping and singing up through my veins as I stood there listening to her words.

"Oh, *can't* you see?" she said with a note of passionate appeal.

"Where is this vault?" I demanded.

"It's at the International offices in Wall Street."

"How could we ever get into those offices?"

"It's not that—it's getting into them before father is there, before anything is known!"

"What time will he be there?" My businesslike tones seemed to calm and reassure her.

"He always goes to the University Club first—then he rides down in the touring-car. He would get there by nine, or a quarter after nine!"

"Then we're simply losing time here," I cried, glancing at my watch. "Have you a carriage?"

She stopped half-way to the door. "Oh, they must never guess—the brougham would be dangerous! We'll have to go in a motor-cab or a hansom!"

I caught up my hat and gloves and suit-case. I wished, at the moment, that heavy Outfit was at the bottom of the East River. But I daren't leave it behind. The woman was studying my face with strangely luminous and exalted eyes.

"Oh, you'll help me, won't you?" she cried as we slipped out of the darkened hallway into the quietness of the street. She had caught up a heavy silver fox throw-scarf and a glistening and gold-monogramed patent-leather handbag as she went. "You *will* help me, won't you?" she repeated as we scurried on toward the street-corner where an electric cab stood beside the curb.

"To the finish!" I answered contentedly.

V

"BUT what am *I* to do in all this?" I asked, more doubtfully, as the cab-doors slammed shut and we went rattling toward the dull glow of light that showed us where Broadway lay. The freedom of the street again seemed to give me a new clearness of vision: I began to anticipate the awkward moments of the coming situation.

"There's just one thing," said the young woman at my side as she opened and groped through her handbag to make sure something was there. "The watchman!"

"But do you know there *is* a watchman?" I asked.

I Intended to Make No Mistake About Being Interfered with from that Quarter

"Of course," she answered, almost tempted to smile at my innocence. "I've always known a great deal about the offices and things. I've always been interested in them and remembered what I've heard. Father and Uncle Cornelius, you see, often talk over the vaults and locks and fire-protection and all that, at home."

"But this watchman of ours—he interests me extremely."

"Yes, that's mostly why I needed you."

She looked at me with her bland and childlike ingenuousness. "You'll have to get him out of the way by some manner or means."

"You don't mean by force?"

"Oh, no; certainly not!" was her answer. I began to see how little she realized just what she was facing.

"But, my dear young lady, are you aware of the fact that this watchman will be armed, and as ready to shoot you or me as to kill a fly?"

"But don't you understand—he'll never suspect—he must never see us!"

"Then how, in the very first place, do you intend making an entrance to the building itself?"

"Very simply! I have father's set of duplicates—his keys for everything except the vaults themselves!"

She was, after all, more or less a business man's daughter.

"But even then—the vault is the one thing you want!"

"But there again I have the combination. It's a permutation lock, you know. The time-locks aren't set steamer nights, as we call them, until father leaves for home."

Here, indeed, was a situation! She was more than ever worthy the name of a financier's daughter.

"Then, after all, we needn't worry or hurry."

"But, don't you see, unless I get in there before those time-locks *are* set—even before father is there to set them—I'll never get in at all? No one could! Not even the whole board of directors themselves!"

"But how do you know? Why are you so sure of this?"

I had to confess to myself that the woman was still a good deal of a puzzle to me.

"For the reason I've just told you. I've been listening to casual talk about such things ever since I was a child. I never thought, until to-day, though, that what I knew would have to be made use of!"

"Couldn't you make it a little clearer for me—some of this talk you've picked up about the vault we're going to visit?"

"Father's office, as I said before, is in the International Department. His vault is the biggest in the bank, I think. First there's a vault cage that can be locked by electricity from any part of the building. The vault itself is a Medwin with a Kermiss burglar-proof door. Inside this door is the day-grate and then the teller's safes and the smaller compartments. The door is the tenon and groove kind, I think it's called. It's drill-proof and it's as thick, I remember, oh, as thick as your body. Then it's equipped with both the permutation and the chronometer locks. I mean by that there's a multiple combination and also a time-lock. It can be wound and adjusted at night for any time, say ten o'clock the next morning. Then, when the door is once locked, all New York City couldn't get it open before that time."

"Why couldn't it be dynamited?' I asked, for I still had certain empiric doubts about anything in the burglar-proof safe line.

"It could, of course, but it's built to resist explosive force, so that anybody trying to get in *that* way would have to use a charge big enough to wreck the entire building. And that would probably wreck the burglar as well. Then the vault itself is built on granite and concrete to prevent tunneling. Above it, for the second vault-bed, are twenty-five layers of carburized steel alternating with malleable iron, all bolted together. Then the door to each vault-chamber is fitted with a burglar-alarm and another automatic alarm set off by any contact with the inner surface of the vault. That, of course, can be easily switched off, as they have to do it every day during business hours. Then the vault chambers are so arranged they can be flooded with steam at a moment's notice. I always used to tell father *that* seemed cruel."

I did not relish the thought of possible death by steam heat myself.

"Each watchman," she went on, "is locked in wherever he belongs. He must stay there until he's relieved from duty in the morning. There's always an electrical recording-dial where he is; every half-hour he has to be there waiting to register. That's to show he's awake and watching."

"But what, especially, is kept in this vault?"

"Besides the smaller subdivisions the vault itself is divided into two parts by a steel door. One-half is the bullion chamber, the other half is for papers and things—stocks and bonds and treasury notes and all that sort of document. For instance, last week the St. Paul and the Campania together brought over three million and a half of our stocks and bonds back from London."

"For this one vault?"

"Yes. When the ships arrive in New York these papers are unloaded by special porters of the steamship companies. They are nearly always in quarter-million lots, packed in tin boxes. They are taken straight to the International office and opened. Then the securities are examined, counted, and the indorsements inspected. After that they are stowed away in the vaults while the original borrower is notified and the loan 'pending transit' is at an end. Am I making it too *banky* and *Wall-Streety* for you to understand?"

"No; I think I follow you pretty closely." My bewilderment was due to the colossal figures in which imagination itself seemed to be engulfed.

"That's why it's so carefully watched and guarded and audited. And can't you see, that's why the taking of this money would start such an uproar? It would be the first stain on their record. Even father himself couldn't put things straight again, once it got known!"

"But have you once realized the risk, the danger, you are going to face? Have you stopped to think of the possible sacrifice you're going to make just to stop the discovery of a theft already committed?"

"It's worth the sacrifice, I think," she answered, a little proudly, perhaps a little quixotically.

I could see by her face that I was confronting a young woman unschooled in the ways of the actual world—a willful, arbitrary, determined girl, who, having once made up her mind to a course of action, followed that preconceived path to the bitter end. I had, of course, always disliked working with women. With them you can never tell which way the cat is going to jump. And there's always the danger, too, of letting feeling blind the eyes of judgment. I even sat back, as our cab came to a stop at the curb, and asked myself if already my better judgment had not been warped and blinded, if I had not embarked on a fantastic fool's errand, a wild-goose chase leading into nothing but danger?

VI

A FEELING of walking through phantasmal unrealities, of some ludicrous nightmare, projected into the sanities of a waking world, took possession of me as I stood watching the fur-clad figure of the woman as she stooped before the great barred bank-doors. There was something amazing in the mere thought that her slender gloved fingers, with a quiet and silent little movement or two, were defying and throwing open such solemn and ponderous portals.

"We must go quietly," she whispered as the doors closed on us again. I found myself creeping forward between partitions of beveled plate-glass set in mahogany

panels, past glimmering brass-grated windows and wickets behind which the dim night-lights burned, past doors that stood as ominous and threatening as the portholes of a man-of-war cleared for action.

I felt myself clutched suddenly by the elbow and drawn into one of these mysterious rooms.

"Sssh!" whispered the woman at my side.

For, firm and steady, out of the distance, came the tramp of feet. It was the watchman making his rounds. He was following the direction we had taken, westward, toward the vault chambers. He would pass the door behind which we crouched.

I could hear the woman's breath, quick and short, as she stooped there at my side. Then she did not even breathe, it seemed, for the tramping feet were upon us, opposite us, then safely past us. The gloved fingers fell from my arm. I heard the ghost of a sigh escape the girl's lips. The tramping feet died away in the distance.

She peered out past the door, cautiously. She even crept farther down the carpeted corridor. Then she flew back to me, noiselessly.

"Quick!" she gasped under her breath. "*Now* is our time! This is our chance!" I was in doubt as to what she meant. Then she whispered: "But take off your shoes!"

I heard the crisp rustle of silk and linen. The woman was deliberately tearing her underskirt to pieces, deftly knotting a strip or two of it into one compact ball, from which trailed two heavy ruffles of the torn linen.

"He's waiting at the recorder to make his half-hourly report," she whispered in my ear. "The moment his arm goes up to write on the dial you must get him, in some way, from behind!" The woman was obsessed.

"Then what?" I demanded.

"Don't kill him—be sure not to kill him!"

"But supposing he kills *me?*"

"He can't, if you only do everything right!" She was an Amazon now, panting for victory at almost any cost, blind to everything but the battle confronting her. "When he's down, safe, force this gag into his jaw. Then get him back into this room."

"And then?" I asked.

"Then tie him securely. See, here's a Mission couch. Tie him to that, full length, hands and feet. Then the door can be locked and the way will be clear for us!"

It was dangerous work. But now, I felt, it had to be neck or nothing. And it had its tang of peril, its zest of uncertainty. But as I crept noiselessly and cautiously down the corridor and beheld the shadowy figure waiting before the recording-dial I firmly settled one thing in my mind. Now that I was committed to this hare-brained business, now that I was in it up to the ears, now that I was facing my risks and taking my crazy chances, I would make my visit to that bank-vault worth while.

VII

I WAS panting and wet with sweat when I crept from the room and the waiting woman quickly locked the door. I carried away both of the watchman's guns, stowing them down in my suit-case. I felt more at ease knowing they were out of his reach, although I had left him bound and trussed like a braizing capon. I intended to make no mistake about being interfered with from that quarter.

"Now, quick!" said the Amazon at my side, leading me from the corridor into a carpeted room and out by still another door into a second corridor. Each door, I noticed, she carefully closed and locked after her, as she had found it. This was a line of procedure somewhat in opposition to the professional's, who always likes to know his way of retreat is open. But at no move or moment did she lose her self-possession. She scarcely realized, I knew, the enormity of her undertaking, the danger of her surroundings. She still felt herself to be the banker's casually indulged daughter, I concluded, long accustomed to invading that financial holy of holies at her own sweet will.

I next found myself in a richly-furnished private office, with rosewood desks and chairs. A large window, curtained and heavily barred, convinced me the room was an outside one.

The woman suddenly turned to me with a little gasp of terror, of disappointment, of perplexity.

"Look!" she whispered. "This is the door that leads to the vault chamber. But, see—there's a burglar-alarm attached to it—it would bring a dozen men from the First and Second Precinct Stations!"

I stood on a chair and examined the door carefully. Then I dismounted, opened my suit-case, and with a pair of lineman's nippers pried away a little of the moulding that ran along the lintel woodwork. This exposed the wires. At a nod from her I cut them, replacing the moulding, and watched her fit the key to the lock.

A moment later we were in the vault-chamber itself, face to face with the great "Medwin," with its impregnable Kermiss portal and its background bulwarks of iron and steel and concrete. I realized, as I gazed at it, how the struggle of the safe-builder had been a struggle to defy the burglar, fighting him field by field, meeting each new tool with some new medium of resistance, each new force with some new machinery of defiance.

The woman had already flung off her silver fox throw-scarf and tossed her handbag on a desk beside it. She was breathing short and hard by this time, and I could see the feverish restlessness in her eyes. But even then there seemed no touch of doubt or anxiety in her manner.

(Continued on Page 30)

THE CAVE MAN

By JOHN CORBIN

XXVII

TO MR. SEARS, Wistar's accident and illness, distressing as it was, had brought a certain sense of relief. Of his personal obligation to the man who had made possible his tardy good fortune he was keenly sensible; but the fact remained that he foresaw an early crisis in which, as a business associate, Wistar would prove difficult. For Sears' ambition as to the future of the combination in motors was bolder than so conservative a man would tolerate. There was that vaster vision which Penrhyn had flashed before him, and which, in his imagination, so long baffled by the mirage of wealth and power, became a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. Obstacles there were—when are there not?—but Penrhyn was forging ahead. Already he had organized a strong faction among the board of directors and general stockholders to oust Wistar.

From this faction Sears' sense of honor held him strictly aloof. Yet on abstract principles he was warmly in sympathy with it. Of all the associates he had ever known, Penrhyn had the largest outlook and the liveliest capacity for handling big affairs. The captains who have made American industry what it is have not been remarkable for devotion to the cause of social progress or for academic correctness in personal conduct, but they have had an extraordinary faculty of doing things; and as one who himself lacked this faculty Sears had a vigorous appreciation of its utility.

If Wistar had succumbed to his misfortune, as Sears had at first believed, the way would have been quite clear; but the news that he had survived was not wholly disconcerting; for, when it came to the election of directors and officers, there would still be valid reason for his preferring another executive, since he must—a man with health unimpaired.

One circumstance, however, lessened his satisfaction—that Penrhyn and Smith had seized control of the practical affairs of the combination and had begun to tighten its grip on the industry—plunging it into precisely those ruthless and illegal methods from which they had promised Wistar to keep it free. To Sears this seemed grossly indecent. From the outset Penrhyn had forced him, though secretly, into devious ways; and now, only a few weeks before the election that would formally put everything on a new basis, he was involving him in a transaction that could scarcely fail to become known. Already, in fact, Penrhyn had been obliged to call a meeting of the executive committee to give formal sanction to his assumption of power. It would hardly be possible to keep the true state of affairs from Billy; and that meant that Wistar, weak and ill as he was, would hear of it.

As a gentleman, Sears despised Penrhyn. All his traditions, his very nature, rebelled against thus openly and flagrantly betraying the man who had done so much for them. It had actually made him ill, confining him to the house—though here it was helped on by an attack of inherited gout, which with old-fashioned propriety he called rheumatism, and which he had augmented by the more luxurious life of the past two years. In consequence of this illness, Penrhyn had decided that the meeting should be held in his library—an arrangement which Mr. Sears found repugnant, but against which he could hardly protest, since in Wistar's absence he was chairman of the committee. In fact, his presence was necessary for a quorum.

On the morning of the meeting Mrs. Boyser announced that Minot had come to deliver a message from Wistar. At the sight of his card the old man grew nervous and perplexed. Was it possible that Wistar had already caught wind of what was going on? Almost at the same moment as it happened Billy called him up on the telephone and confirmed this foreboding, though in a manner characteristically casual.

"Wistar wants me to be sure to get there," the young man said. "Have I time?"

"That depends upon where you are."

"I'm out shopping with May."

"But I thought she went to try on her trousseau!"

The wedding, long delayed to complete May's schooling, was in fact fixed for the near future.

"That's right," said Billy.

"What? *With* her!" Sears raised one hand in dignified horror. "Yes! You must start at once!"

Indistinct words came over the wire, of which Sears made out only one—"blushing." "Yes," he said in parental accent, "I am blushing! And May should be."

"I was just telling May *I* was," explained Billy. "She isn't!"

"I'm glad you have some modesty between you!"

"I'm escaping with what I have left. Don't let them get down to business till I come."

The old man hung up the receiver and raised both hands. He turned to find Minot on the threshold, smiling. "This new generation!" he sighed. "Her mother's daughter."

"Oh, I don't know!" Minot laughed. "*We* were engaged in the crinoline period. Don't you remember?" He reached out his hands as if for an embrace at the distance of a hoopskirt. "If I were younger I might be reconciled to the modern girl!"

Their manner was that of lifelong friends—two gray-haired, boyish cronies; but, in an instant, it became gravely altered.

"I came about that committee meeting, too," Minot said. "Somebody got busy as soon as Wistar was done for."

"Penrhyn and Smith have been managing our affairs in his place."

"Precisely! And already Penrhyn has reversed Wistar's whole policy."

The very keenness with which Sears was sensible of the impropriety of what Penrhyn had done made it impossible to discuss it with an outsider—in fact a rival. "I'm sorry," he said, "if Wistar has been troubled by any such suspicion."

"Suspicion! What Wistar has found out is a certainty! Exactly what it amounts to, of course he hasn't told me; but there's a nigger in the woodpile, and the nigger is Penrhyn."

"It's the European combination—there was urgent need of meeting their aggressions upon us."

"It is more than that! Penrhyn is out for the scalps of us independents here. Already he has put the knife to my throat."

"That isn't possible!"

"My dear sir, I'm bleeding already! Among the rest, he has gone about to steal—pardon me if I speak the English language—to steal my gear. But I'm not here to tell you my hard luck story—only to warn you that it's up to you to stand by Wistar."

"Personally, I—I——" Sears stammered, and was silent.

"Personally you are a gentleman, my old and tried friend, and pledged in honor to Wistar." Minot spoke gravely and kindly; but as he went on his manner became searching and significant. "In business you are servant of a trust, and a trust must, when the devil drives."

"The devil drives!" Sears assented.

Minot sharpened to the attack. "If you people break your word to Wistar—you must know that he will fight! If he were well—his case is a strong one; by stating the facts as they are to the stockholders, he could get enough votes and proxies to stand you off. But he is ill—his hands are tied. Unless you tell them the truth—no doubt Penrhyn can make them believe what he pleases. Perhaps he has already organized a party? If he's cut in ahead of Wistar——"

"I can scarcely discuss such questions—with an outside party."

"I must say, however, that unless you take Penrhyn in hand you will have to face scandal."

"Scandal!" the old gentleman echoed.

"Wistar once accused you of bribery and theft. Now he knows it was Penrhyn."

Sears started with surprise and alarm.

"What would it mean to Penrhyn—and to you!—if Wistar were publicly to expose that crime?"

"If he has proof—disgrace! Without proof, such a charge would be libel. Did you say he had proof?"

"I didn't say." Minot laughed dryly. "Here it's you who are the outside party. But this much I can tell you. By driving Wistar to the wall you put him face to face with a dangerous alternative. He wishes you well, and your family; but to him what Penrhyn is doing is a crime. And when he believes a thing wrong, he fights it. And he *can* fight, I tell you! Two years ago, when Penrhyn tricked him into the trust, you imagined you had disarmed him. You gave him the most dangerous weapon of all! Standing as he does now, on the inside and at the head of everything, what he says carries conviction—what he does, authority. If he fights, he will win. That will mean scandal and ruin to you, and to your daughter poverty."

Sears gave way to abject terror. "He intends that!" he gasped.

"Not yet! It was to avoid it that he sent me here."

Sears lay back in his chair. "How much does Onderdonk know of this?" he feebly asked.

"Little or nothing. It was to keep him in the dark that he sent me here. You have been allied with Penrhyn throughout—bribery, theft, treachery—and Billy is engaged to marry your daughter—very much engaged, it appears!"

Wearily Sears rose from his chair. "I'll do all an honest man can," he said, taking Minot's hand.

They were both silent a moment.

"In view of Wistar's continued illness," Sears added, "it may be necessary to appoint his successor as manager."

"But it is only a matter of weeks until Wistar will be about again!"

"The affairs of the combination are very pressing."

Minot looked at him firmly. "That doesn't sound well to me. I'm afraid I can't carry much hope to poor Wistar. Only—remember! He is a fighter, and this is a fight he will carry to the finish—no matter who or what stands in his way."

Again they were both silent. Judith came in, and Minot perceived that the interview was at an end.

XXVIII

"JUDITH!" Minot exclaimed, his ancient eye taking in her youth and freshness with delight. "May I still call you Judith?" he added, as she gave him her hand. "This old house, this room, everything takes me back—how many?—twenty years. I called you Judith then! Can you bow to me now as you used to bow?"

She took her skirts in the fingers, and dipped him a girlish curtsey. "I'm seven years old and a half," she lisped, "and I'm never going to be married!" He laughed, and then she added in her older manner: "You see I haven't been! And I'm an old maid. To-morrow is my birthday—thirty!"

Minot turned slyly to Sears. "Won't anybody have her?" he whispered audibly.

Banter was a thing beyond the old gentleman's comprehension. "Before we were poor," he said, "a regiment She sent them all away. Then we never saw anybody. I used to imagine—that is, Wistar was one of the regiment."

"Daddy!" Judith protested.

Minot nodded to her sympathetically. "Great old joker, Sears," he said.

Sears smiled an ex-post-facto smile; it was a new pleasure to be taken as a wit. "Oh, I keep my eyes open!" he said. "After Wistar was thrown in with us again, when he entered the combination, he became another man. Instead of burying himself in his work, he dined out, even danced! And the game he played at polo! Judith was always asking news of him. But, somehow or other, he is never able to find an evening to dine with us. You know," he concluded with elephantine levity, "I've suspected a little quarrel!" It is, in fact, a dangerous thing when a serious man takes himself seriously as a joker.

"Daddy!" Judith cried in horror. "I'm sure we didn't beg him! You may remember that the last time he dined here he was none too polite to you!" She looked about the room as if for a pretext to change the conversation. "Have you noticed the new furniture?" she said, indicating a colonial set, in fine keeping with the ancient apartment, which had only that day been installed in place of the black walnut and haircloth of two years ago. "Daddy gave it to me for my birthday!"

"And your horses?" Minot inquired. "I remember you riding in short skirts—playing scrub games of little-girl polo!"

"I wanted her to have her horses back," Sears said, "but it seems she's turned trust-buster."

"Nonsense, Daddy! I believe in trusts!"

"Whatever's the reason, she won't tell me. But she won't take a penny of the new money—and it's all hers!"

Judith's glance fell. There was a string and a scrap of paper on the floor, which the workman had left when he unwrapped the furniture. She picked them up and put them in the waste-basket. Then she said: "How is Mrs. Minot? The last time I saw her I thought her cough was worse. Can't you get her into the mountains?"

Minot's face clouded. "I got her to promise, and then things took a bad turn with me, and that frightened her again." Judith looked to her father in a manner that gave Minot warning. "Think of it!" he said, reverting to the lighter tone. "Two women who refuse to spend money!"

"But surely, there's no question about your good fortune!"

Minot laughed. "Then you *are* a trust-buster! I'm one, too, but I must say your money is all right—as long as you have Wistar in control."

A look of fear came into Sears' face.

"As *long* as we have?" Judith questioned.

Minot made haste to change the subject. "Still asking about Wistar!"

Judith blushed, but retorted with amiable dignity: "What a very bad joke, Uncle Franklin! Why shouldn't he keep control? When he joined us we all promised that he should. Didn't we, Daddy?"

Sears nodded. At the approach of the delicate topic he had hobbled over to the desk, and was busied with papers.

"There is something worse than that!" said Minot, still bent on changing the subject. She had seated herself on the window-seat, and he now sat down beside her. "Something that has made you think ill of him," he said in a low voice; "and what you think makes a difference!"

"He told you that!"

"Not a word! After the operation, as he was coming out from under ether, he kept saying it over and over—quite unconscious of us—his tongue as thick as a drunkard's. At first I didn't make out the words; and then, before I realized what they meant, I had them by heart. It's none of an old boy's business, but they were such sad, true words. You call him the cave man. What do you mean?"

"The cave man? I'd forgotten! He buried himself in his dingy and dark old factory, and when we came by and asked him to join our great and glorious combination, he made angry faces at us and reached for his club."

"But now—he's heart and soul of all the great and glorious things you have done. And I guess it's all for you." He paused with sudden realization. Sears was more nearly right than he had supposed. "That's why you've been so interested in him! If you only could!"

She shook her head. "It isn't any use! Men don't make themselves over—not really. Scratch the advanced and progressive Mr. Wistar and you'll find the cave man."

The old servant announced Penrhyn, and when he entered Minot bowed and went out.

Sears arose and hobbled after him; but as Judith opened the door for him he paused. "There are my new papers as trustee of your estate," he said. "You have forgotten to sign them, and the old ones run out to-morrow."

"I was waiting for the notary, and my birthday has come before I realized—birthdays always do!" She opened a drawer, and lifting the revolver—now no longer an object of terror to her—placed the papers beneath it.

At the head of the stairs Minot protested against his host's painful courtesy. "Not a step farther!" he said. Then he added: "Remember! It's your own peace of mind that's at stake perhaps your honor!"

XXIX

PENRHYN had had no trouble in putting a good face on his encounter with Wistar at polo. Valuing highly a free and enlightened press, he had always treated the reporters with the utmost consideration—indeed with his natural manner of comradely good-humor; and he had taken advantage of an interview after the game to let fall a hint that it was his own sportsmanlike generosity which had allowed Wistar's shot at goal to score. He could not think, he remarked casually, of profiting by so painful an accident.

To Judith he said as little as possible, for like all accomplished liars he was sparing of falsehood; but he had not been able to deny himself one embellishment, chastly calculated to give his deed a heroic background. He had long had a slight touch of heart trouble—the result of the excitement of Wall Street and too many cigars; and he permitted her to discover a fact which was not a fact—that the collision and fall had increased it. For the sympathy he thus gained the only cost was that for a time he was obliged to forego the comradely privilege of smoking in her presence.

Already, however, he had decided to regain this. When Sears and Minot were gone he took out his cigarette case and lighted a cigarette.

Judith took it away from him. "Doctor's orders!" she said, and threw it into the fireplace.

"By the way," he laughed, "that matter of your executor's papers is important. There's likely to be a fight at the next election of directors."

She looked at him squarely. "*That's* what Mr. Minot meant! They intend to put Mr. Wistar out of office!" Going to the table she took the papers out of the drawer and glanced through them. "What does it all mean?"

"Some of the fellows on the board of directors say that just now, with the European folks making trouble, we need a well man, and an aggressive one." He sat on the window-seat as he spoke, and stretched out his legs on it.

"But you and father have promised to stand by him! You will do so?"

"Naturally!" He spoke in a casual tone. He had no fancy for the topic, and taking another cigarette, lighted a match.

She dropped the papers, and, running across the room to him, reached for it. He turned from her, laughing, and with his back hunched up drew a few quick puffs. But she leaned over him, and grasped the fingers that held the cigarette.

In retaliation he put his hand on her head, and held it so that her hair brushed his cheek.

"Stanley!" she cried, in instinctive revulsion. "*How* can you do such a thing?"

He made a rueful grimace. "You say we are comrades. If you were a real comrade you would have twisted my ear or flattened my nose. But you put on all the airs of the affronted lady."

She considered a moment, then gave his ear a vigorous tweak.

"Gee-hosaphat!" he cried, laughing. "If you would only be this way always!" he added in a mock serious vein, nursing his ear. "To-night will begin your thirtieth birthday—at one hour after midnight."

"How do you know that?"

"I made Mrs. Boyser tell me. She said your face was wrinkled like an apple in February, and that you had an A-1 pair of lungs."

"You have no right to know such things!"

"Do you think there's anything about you that I don't want to know?" His face, usually so matter-of-fact, lighted up with an expression that was positively appealing. "I'd give the fingers of my hand to see you as a baby, as a child, as a little girl! Boyser saw it all; but when I tried to make her tell me, she wasn't polite."

"What did she say?"

"She said, 'Aw-go-wan!'"

In her own eyes Judith had been a horrid little girl, spoiled and self-important. But there was something very dear in such interest in her; and as he spoke his eyes were unwontedly tender and like a child's.

"You know what you promised," he said, half-timidly, half-pleading, "your thirtieth birthday! I don't dare think of it. It goes to my head like champagne! But all day long it has been haunting me, that hope! It has made Wall Street gay, the very noises of Broadway an intoxication!"

She did not answer, and he looked out of the window across the square, through the trees of which filtered the busy sounds of the city below.

"There it is," he pursued, "the heart of the city, of the whole country, throbbing with life! The big office buildings, the harbor, the railways! With you to work for, what couldn't I do! Our motor trust, I can make it the biggest thing in all that world of big things. And

that is only the beginning! In the end I shall force my way to the very top—see the island down there beneath me, the whole country, stretching to the Golden Gate I shall, if I can do it for you! For years you have dropped out of the world—the world you were born to lead. Only let me have you—together we shall go back into it wealth, position, everything yours!"

Striking in upon the gray monotony of her life, the words shone like fire—the sort of fire before which few women of spirit can remain quite cold. Yet she fought for the firm foothold of self-command. "That," she said, "is the kind of conversation, I was taught, no modest and proper young woman listens to, no modest and proper young man permits himself."

"Love is never modest, and seldom proper."

"Stanley!"

"I know! Your heart is set against love. That is the modern madness!"

She shook her head. "Mad! If I only were, I might listen to such conversation. I'm hopelessly, primitively sane."

"True love," he said, reflecting, "is sane; but it is not primitive. In primitive days, love was a madness. The cave man hunted his wife with a club."

"The cave man? What cave man?"

"Any old cave man! You know! Bearskin pants and frowzy hair lived in a cave. Who'd you think? The strongest cave man clubbed out the brains of his rivals, and then went for *her*."

"Poor cave maiden! Couldn't she get away?"

"She tried to. It was her instinct to flee. But it was also her instinct to be caught. He caught her by the hair of her golden head and dragged her to his cave."

"Horrors!"

"There she learned that she adored the man with the strongest club—that in her heart she must adore him."

"Poor thing!" She laughed; but in the laugh was a little shudder.

"Not poor thing at all! That's all there ever has been to love—primitive love—all there ever will be! Girls have ideals of the grand passion. The grand passion is the modern form of the cave man's club—the only thing that makes a girl give up a dozen lovers for one man. But you—you are too wise, too wary." He was still lounging on the window-seat, and she stood beside him, intent on what he was saying. The early autumn sunlight fell full upon her, lending splendor to her simple house gown, and playing like an aura in the luxurious disorder of her hair—"So wary," he concluded sadly, "that I have lost all hope of landing the club on your golden head."

He had spoken half-laughingly, half in earnest, but she was quite serious. "You, Stanley," she said, "are not the cave man."

He looked at her, questioning. "I don't pretend to be. It's a blow to my vanity that I'm not; but I try to be reconciled. I don't think you'd care for the cave man. At eighteen—perhaps! But you have grown up, in heart and in mind. And how you have grown up! Everything a man can care for in—I don't say in his mate, for I never knew the man who could be that to you! But a comrade—what a comrade! That was our compact, you remember, two years ago—bachelor comrades together! In all these months I have never spoken of it—never even hinted! And I scarcely dare to speak of it now!"

"But the cave man, the one with the bearskin—trousers, I mean! What if some day he should come after me with his club?"

"Once, he might have. But you're no longer the kind he cares for."

"That sounds gallant, but it feels a little queer." She paused, and then: "About Mr. Wistar?" she said.

"You're not afraid of him!"

"Afraid? No! But you haven't explained to me—you mean to be fair with him?"

"Fair? Of course! But he is making it hard."

"Yet we've known all along he's obstinate."

"Everything we have worked for is within our grasp, and he is letting it slip through his fingers. The whole board of directors is against him and his policy."

"But you and father ——"

"But You Put On All the Airs of the Affronted Lady"

"We have given our promise," he said with admirable directness and simplicity.

She was silent for a long time, as it seemed to Penrhyn.

"And *your* promise to me?" he said at last. "Comrades—bachelor comrades together?"

"You mean that—literally?"

He paused just the fraction of a second. Then he spoke with conviction. "That is the only way I could mean it."

"All my life I have hoped such a thing might happen. But they say—and I am beginning to believe them—that it is not possible."

"It is possible—for those who truly love."

"I am very lonesome!" She spoke as if to herself. "When May is gone I shall be forsaken and forlorn!" Again she was silent.

He watched her, quiet, intense.

"You promised me!" he ventured at last.

"I shall keep my promise, too," she concluded.

He leaped from the window-seat, caught her two hands and drew her toward him.

She evaded, and with a quick movement of her hand across his face flattened his nose with her thumb. "Bachelor comrades!" she said.

He was still nursing his face when Billy came in.

"Not late for the committee meeting?" Billy asked.

"Smith hasn't come yet," Penrhyn answered.

"Mr. Irvingdale Smith," announced Boyser.

XXX

IN THE incidents of two years ago Onderdonk had long felt that there had been an element of which he had been kept in ignorance. But beneath his boyish exterior he was very well aware that at the coming election of officers they would have to fight for their power. Even in this matter of the present policy of the committee, he feared the worst. With Mr. Sears on their side, it was true, the two factions were equally divided, even in Wistar's absence; and it did not seem likely that Penrhyn and Smith would stand by the course they had begun when Wistar was supposed to be dying. But he was, by this time, well aware of his opponents' skill and boldness. It was necessary to meet them at every point with the utmost resolution. And he had now to take command.

"It has come to my knowledge," he said, as Mr. Sears took the chair and disposed his game leg beneath the table, "that some one of us has lately been reversing Wistar's policy as general manager." As he said this he looked squarely at Smith, and then at Penrhyn.

"If Mr. Onderdonk has any charge to make," said Penrhyn, stretching himself in luxurious indolence upon the window-seat, "may I suggest that it is in order to make it specifically?"

"Among other things, we have begun a course of predatory competition against Minot."

"The man has refused a fair offer to sell out to us. May I ask what course Mr. Onderdonk would recommend?"

"I deny that our offer was fair. His machine is better than our best in its line. It was the part of wisdom and honesty to buy it in even at an advanced figure, and abandon Smith's car." At this Smith sat up and smiled with piratic benevolence. "Begging your pardon!" Billy concluded.

"Don't mind me!" Smith vouchsafed with a grin. "I'm not sensitive about the machine I manufacture—only the machine I drive!"

Billy thought he saw a chance to score. "What make?" he said.

"A Minot," said Smith with unconcern. "And you?"

"A Minot, too. You see we are agreed that the car is better."

"We'll shake on that!"

With a twinkle he made as if to reach for Billy's hand; but Billy ignored him. "That day Penrhyn blew up near Wistar's garage in one of my cars," Smith pursued unabashed—"if the papers got hold of such an accident it might hurt the trade. Smith blown to glory in a Smith machine! But are you afraid of your car?"

"Oh, I don't know!" Billy laughed, his good-nature prevailing. "My old car was painted red, and one day, while I was shifting gears on a hill, along came a farmer with a bull. The beast dragged the old Reuben at me, and, before I could get going on the new speed, slewed me into the ditch. The papers did get hold of that. Such a

(Continued on Page 57)

THE DIARY OF DELIA

Being a Veracious Chronicle of the Kitchen with Some Side-Lights on the Parlor

By ONOTO WATANNA

NEXT day. "A notermobile," ses Mr. Wolley at the brekfust table "is the veeicle of the moduns. Its a boom to soofering yumanity in this yumid and turribly trying and hot summers of this climut. In my opinyon" ses he, "its the gratest of modun invinshuns. Dont interrupt James," ses he, turning upon Mr. James, who was snickering noysily, "I confess" ses Mr. Wolley "that I was want sometime ago to curse the horseliss veeicle, but times are changed" ses he, "and we who wish to kape step wid the times must grow wid it. A notermobile is a cooltivated taste. Its like olives. Whin first tasted we detist its flavor, but having thryed it wanse or twice we becum its ardint slaves. Jimmy," ses he "pass me anuther musk melon. John er—whats the news this marning?"

"O nothing par," ses Mr. John, grinning behind his paper. "Our rickliss pressydint is waring pink pyjamas and Roosel Sage is ded."

As I was coming down the stips lading from the oopstares to the bastemint, who shood I see, standing outside me kitchen dure, but Mr. Moolvaney. The gintleman has his face aginst the closed dure, and hes after serrynading the lady inside—namely, Minnie Carnavan, wid the follıng milody. I shstood still on the stares to lissen:

In Dublin's fair city
The girls are so pretty
I wanse laid me eyes
On sweet Molly Malone,
As she wheeled her wheel barrow
The strates broad and narrow
Of cockles and mussels alive, alive, Ho!

When the gintleman finished I shstepped down the stares, and joost thin he toorned about and seen me caming tord him. He guv a shstart, and ses he:

"Why Delia, is it yersilf? Well, well" ses he, "and shure I was thinking it was yersilf was in the kitchen."

I condisinded not wan ward, but I walked into me kitchin, past the false craychure, and I shoot the dure bang in his face. Minnie's sated on a chare, shsmiling from eer to eer.

"Its a grand voyse" ses she, "I'm after lissening to. Who is the handsum gintleman Delia, deer," ses she.

Joost thin the spaking chube rung out and I wint to it at wanse, and shouted oop at the tap of me voyse:

"I refoose to answer," and wid that I shstopped up the dommed thing wid me dish towel.

A week later. Its been a week of sorrer and disthress sinse Minnie Carnavan cam to visit me. Shure there's been no more pace or comfurt in me brest. She do be the most obstreprus crachure in the warld, shsticking her auld nose into ivvrywan's thrubbles and ristles and onhappy widout she's making mischiff. Ivery nite since Minnie cum there do be thrubble of sum sort.

Shes after making the lives of the pure yung crachures disthressful, by interfeering in there innersint convyssshun. Ivery nite whin I streches out me weery tired body upon me bed I lissen to Minnie.

Mr. Doodley do be a rascal and a scallywag. He do be desining to rooin the life of Miss Claire. Its me thats a sinful crachure for not exposing thim to her parents and brothers, and its she Minnie Carnavan, who will seek counsil of her holy father confisser, whos no wan but hersilf. Its ny to busting she is wid kaping the sacret of the puir yung crachures love affare, and its tired I am wid me indliss attimps to conthrol her. And now its in dred and feer I am that something dredful is about to happen.

Tonite whin Minnie was lissening at the dure, wid her eer pricked up aginst the kayhole of me private dining room, Mr. Dudley suddenly opens the dure. He has a bottle in his hand, and as he opens it Minnie falls at his feet.

"Is there a cat here?" ses he, and shsqirts the silzer wather in her face.

Following day. This marning whin I waked I missed Minnie Carnavan at me side. Sitting up and looking about me, I seen Minnie seeted at me table, riting a litter. She seen me whin I set up, and she faulded oop her litter and licked the invilip.

"Well Minnie Carnavan," ses I, "and what are you up to at this unairthly our?"

"Hoosh, darlint!" ses she, caming to me bed, and setting down beside me. "Delia" ses she "I've dun it."

"Dun what?" ses I, and I begin to have misgivings.

"I've rote" ses Minnie "to the auld gintleman."

"To Mr. Wolley," ses I a bit daft.

"No," ses she shaking her hed. "To the lad's father."

For a minit me tung faled me. I stared at the crachure in silinse. She got ap from me bed and sarched about for her hat, found it and put it on.

"Delia O'Malley," ses she. "That yung Dudley fellow do be fresh as sour milk," ses she. "Its been on me conshunse iver sinse I came, mavourneen, to poonish him for his thricks. Its desaving the pretty Miss Claire hes after oop to. Trust an auld girl like Minnie Carnavan to see throo the thricks of a yung spalpeen like that."

"Minnie," ses I meekly, for there's a feer in me hart that maks me week as a kitten, "tell me the thruth, darlint. Be you going to male a litter to the lad's father?"

"Indade and I am," ses Minnie bauldly. "And to mak shure," ses she, "that the old dude gets it safely, I'll be me own postman and deliver it in person! Goodbye, Delia, mavorneen, I'll not be coming back. Give me luv to Mr. Mulvaney."

"Go Away!" Ses She. "You Shan't Open the Dure!"

Befure I cud git me wits thegither agin, Minnie, the ritched, false crachure was gone. I herd the frunt dure close behind her.

Next day. Oh wirrah! wirrah! wirrah! Its a sad and loansome warld and its a trecherus snake is Minnie.

Yesterday me hart was full of feers. Its menny an effort I made to relave mesilf to Miss Claire, but for pity for the puir yung crachure me tung refused to spake.

Last nite was a nite of shocks. Mr. John cum down to the bastemint and taks possisshun after dinner of me privat dining rume. The widder do be giving him a barskit full of seeds, frish picked from her gardin, and he's after wanting he ses to sort thim out and mark the rayspictiv packages so he may know them nixt Spring whin hes going to have a fine gardin.

Miss Claire cum into me kitchin, wid her bloo eyes swimming wid teers.

"What will we do, Delia?" ses she, "John is in the dining rume tonite, and I cant get him out."

"Now don't you be after wurriting, darlint," ses I. "Shure Mr. Harry is wilcam to me kitchin."

"But John may walk in upon us," ses she despritly.

"He'd better not," ses I. And wid that I wint to the dure and called out to Mr. John:

"Will ye be good enuff to kape your disthance from me kitchin tonite, as its private company I'm expicting."

"Very well, Delia," ses he perlitely.

I wint outside to the bastemint dure, and wated in person for Mr. Harry. When he arrived, I tauld him the state of things, and he slipped into me kitchen. Miss Claire were sitting on me table, her little feet swinging in the air.

"Good avening," ses she, trying to smile and look chareful. "Ye'll obsarve," ses she, "the extrames to which we are driven. John holds the fort tonite."

Mr. Harry is haulding her hands as she spakes, and watching her face like he wad ate her up.

"Had I better go thin?" ses he.

"O, if you want to," ses she, slipping down from the table, and turning away from him a bit.

"Want to?" ses he. "You don't meen that?"

"No," ses she, saftly, "I I dont."

I thot the yung lad wud grab her, but joost thin he seen me and kept still.

Miss Claire sayses hauld of a frying pan.

"Never mind," ses she. "We'll enjoy oursilves aven in the kitchin. You've never tasted me famiss fudge, have you Mr. Dudley?"

"No," ses he, looking at her pretty arms, as she rolled back the slaves from thim.

"Well," ses she; "I larned to make it in me Vassa days. Get me an aprun, Delia," ses she.

I brot her wan of her own—a little red gingum thin wid frills and pockits. She let him button it behind her, and he tuk so long she broke away, larfing and blooshing.

"Now," ses she, "*you* may help me. I want crame, sugar, butter and chocklett. A bit of vernilla, too," ses she.

They set to work, busy and happy as childrun making mud pies. By and by, the stuff was cooked, and she set him to mixing it. "And mix it stiff," ses she; "while I greese the pans."

This dun, she tuk a spoon and hild it to his lips. He, not looking at the fudge, but wid his eyes fixed on her, opened his mouth and took in the spoon. Then he guv a yell and doon drappwd the spoon.

"Oh!" ses she, turning pail, "wuz it hot? Harry," ses she, "I *burned* you!"

"You call me Harry!" ses he, and sayzed hauld of her by the arms. I was watching wid all me eyes, whin I herd the dure squake a bit. Befure I cud move tords it Miss Clare roon oop aginst it and hild it closed wid her little hands.

"The china closet, Delia!" she wispered, and I shuvved Mr. Harry into the closet and banged the dure tite. Whin we let in Mr. John he looked about him.

"Whats the matter?" ses he, "why did you hauld me out?"

"O," ses Miss Claire, gayly; "it's a game Delia and I are playing."

He frowned and ses cauldly.

"Ye cud find bitter implyment I fancy than playing in the kitchin wid Delia. Your not a child, Claire," ses he.

Shes about to spake in answer whin the frunt dure bell run, and I saized me aprun and wint to answr it, laving the yung people alone. As I reeched the upper flure, I seen Mr. Wolley turning on the lites in the hall. Then he

I Sthopped Me Chopping, and Guv Him Wan Look of Contimpt and Scorn

opened the dure. A little auld gintleman wid wiskers on his chakes and spats on his feet stud there.

"Good avening," ses he. "Mr. Wolley, I belave?"

I cud tell by Mr. Wolley's back that his face was purple. He harf closed the dure, and thin agin opened it.

"What is it you want?" ses he roodely.

"Who is it, father?" ses Mr. James, coming into the hall, then he too seen the little gintleman. The latter wuz spaking wid horchure and dignity.

"I cum, sor," ses he, "to—er—ask—you sir, to requist me sun to lave your house."

"I don't oonderstand you," ses Mr. Wolley cauldly.

"I resaved," ses the auld gintleman, stepping into the hall, "a nonnymuss epissle this marning. Ordinary I ignoar sich things, but me suspishuns had alreddy been aroused. I tuk it upon mesilf to play the detective tonite. When me sun left the house I followed him here. I saw him inter ye're place be way of the—er—bastemint," ses he hortily. "I wayted around a bit and thin desided to spake to you personally. You—er probably appreeshiate me position," ses he. "I, of coorse, shall absolutely refuse to reckynise anny foolish skrape of the yungster—he's a mere boy," he adds loftily.

"Sir," ses Mr. Wolley; "if yure yung ass of a son—I yuse the word advisedly," ses he, "has been making a fool of himsilf over a girl in me imploy, I am not intrusted in the affare. Will you be good enuff to go to the back dure."

Wid that he's about to open the dure, when he seen me standing there.

"Delia!" ses he, "here's your yung man's father. Just tak him into the kitchen."

Auld Mr. Dudley seemed aboot to boorst, but befure he cud spake, Mr. James tuk him by the arm and hid him gintly but firmly to the kitchen dure. As I was about to follow Mr. Wolley saised hauld of me slave.

"Delia," ses he, whispering excitedly, "is *Claire* doon stares?"

"N-no—yes—indade, I dont know sir," ses I, and I picked up me aprun and begun to cry into it.

We disinded to me kitchin—Mr. Wolley, Mr. James and auld Mr. Dudley, who shtumbled on the dark steps and sneezed whin he got to the bottom. In the kitchin we cum upon a straynge site. Miss Claire was standing wid her back aginst me chiny closet; her eyes were big and wild looking, and she kept talking to Mr. John who stud befure her.

"Go away, John! Go away!" ses she. "You shan't open the dure! You shan't!" ses she. Then she seen us all, and she guv a little cry.

"Delia! O Delia!" ses she. "Don't let him. He—he soospicts sumthing," ses she, and then she poot her hed down on me shoulder and burst into teers.

I herd Mr. Harry moving in the closet, and I belave the yung chap must have herd Miss Claire waping, for joost as she boorst into teers, he forced open the dure. For a moment he stud blinking, and thin he seen us all. He guv a look first at his father, and, as the auld gintleman wint tord him, he drew himsilf up stiff and faced him.

"Well sir!" ses the auld fellow, choking wid rage; "so this is whare ye've been spinding your avenings—in the kitchin of these contemtyble pinny-a-liners."

"One moment," ses the lad, and suddintly he turned to Miss Claire, and poot an arm about her. But befure he cud draw her to him, Mr. James had dashed forward.

"Confound you!" ses he, "tak your hands aff me sister!" Wid that he rinched thim apart.

Yung Dudley toorned very pail, but he smiled quarely, as he moved tord the dure.

"Claire!" ses he, spaking clare over the heds of ivery wan, "raymimber, darlint, that we love aich other. All will cum rite yet, deerest," ses he.

Thin ignoaring and pooshing past his little angry father, he made his way to the bastemint dure and out.

Mr. Dudley stud a minit looking aboot him, his thin lips poorsed ap in a snarling shmile. He addrissed himself to Mr. Wolley, but his eyes was on Miss Claire.

"Me sun," ses he "is yung and rash. This is not the first time I have been obleeged to cum in person to extrycate him from sooch a scrape. Farchunately," ses he, "we expict him to make an airly marruge. I was talking to his finansay's father today, and its aboot desided that the yung fokes will both be sint abrord nixt week. Good avening, sir" ses he. "You will not be thrubbled again," ses he.

Thin, still smiling in that nasty insoolting way of his, he bowed and wint.

Manewhile Lending an Ear to the Iligant Convysashun of the Widdy

Next day. After the sad ivints of the disthressful day I wint to slape wid a hevvy hart, but sorrer a bit of paceful slape did I get. I drimt that Minnie do be cuming to tak my place wid the Wolley family. By desateful words and ackshons she have worked upon the falings of Miss Claire and now its me the famuly do be blaming for the thrubbles. I do be waping fit to make a hart of stone ake and telling Miss Claire its me thats been a throo and loving girl, a foolish victim of the sinful Minnie. But in me drame Miss Claire refoosed to look at me at all at all, and its wirrah! wirrah! I be crying in me slape. Thin I heerd somewan whispering at me eer.

"Delia! Delia!"

I set up wildly in me bed, and there I seen Miss Claire in the moonlite.

"Its I, Claire—don't be fritened, Delia," ses she.

"Oh! Miss," ses I, "ye do be after scaring a body. What's the thrubble, darlint," for shes neeling by me bed, crying fit to brak her hart.

After a bit she looked up and ses: "They've been watching me all avening. They'll niver let me be alone wid you agen. You see papa ses your to blame, and James ses that if you hadn't incoraged us to yuse your kitchen and ——"

I set up and shuk me fist. "Ef Mr. James," ses I, "has anny critteraickem to be after making on a puir, loan, hardwarking girl he'd better spake to me."

"Oh Delia!" ses she, "plase don't get excited. Liasen I'm not to be housekaper anny longer. I dont know how Harry and I will see aich other. And Oh Delia!" ses she, saizing me by the showlder, "did you heer him say that he—he loved me?"

"That I did, darlint" ses I; "so don't you be after wurrying, for all the avil minded brother in the warld, all the cross-eyed, hard-harted, black-sowled, crool fathers and mothers cant coom betune a pare of swateharts whin troo love is after stipping in."

"Yes," ses she airnestly. "But do you relly think he ment it?"

"*Ment* it! Its ashamed I am of you, Miss Claire. Is it misdouting the woord of Mr. Dudley, you be, and he as foine a yung chap as iver stepped alive?"

The teers dryed up like magick, and she smiled as swately as a aingel. "Yes," ses she, "he *did* mane it, and all *will* cum rite; for love," ses she, "will shurely foind a way."

"That it will," ses I.

Well, thin she wint to bed, and I belave slipt sowndly, for her chakes were pink as roses in the marning, and her eyes brite and luvly.

She ses, "Good marning everybody" in a brave, gay toan whin she cam to the brekfust table, wid the intyre family setting there and waiting in agunny for her to apeer, all suffering wid the thort of her broken hart.

Mr. John lifts oop his paper, and I sane him frowning like to brake his face behind it—he's that ankshus to kape back a teer. Auld Mr. Wolley blew his nose like it was a throompet. Mr. James swollers his coffee red hot, and Mrs. Wolley tuk to crying saftly to hersilf. Miss Claire guv a kiss to little Willy and wan to her father. Then she et her brekfust, beaming on everybody.

After brekfust Mrs. Wolley cam into the kitchen and guv me the orders for the day. I herd Mr. Wolley's ortermobile and looking from me winder seen him go by wid Miss Claire setting by his side, and Mr. John and James in the tonno. Mr. Billy wint out to his sand pile and Mrs. Wolley left me in peese.

It was baking day, and I had jest set me bred into the pans for the fynal raysing and had opened the oven dure to say how me spunge cake was doing, whin I herd a bit of muvement at me back. I turned aboot, and let out a turrible yell, for there was me frind from the Dudleys. He do be standing in me

(Continued on Page 24)

A Little Auld Gintleman wid Wiskers on His Chakes and Spats on His Feet Stud There

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Time flies, but not so fast as money.

¶ Laughter begins with L; so do Love and Long Life.

¶ Much walking to the tavern makes shoes very shabby.

¶ Before you "go up in the air" be sure to choose a soft spot.

¶ "Curt" denotes an excessive abbreviation of "Courtesy."

¶ The slipperiest thing in the world is the man who never says no.

¶ The man who boasts of his sins is always a fool and generally a liar.

¶ "Time is money"—and eight hours' sleep is a mighty good investment.

¶ "Truth crushed to earth will rise again"—but it is often a very late riser.

¶ Some men waste ten dollars' worth of time on a ten-cent job and call it economy.

¶ Every gun has two ends; so has every argument, and, besides, there's the kick.

¶ Some wives want husbands that are good; others want husbands that make good.

¶ People who used to worry about the higher life are now worrying over the higher cost of living.

¶ Some people miss opportunity when it knocks because they haven't push enough to get a door open.

¶ If a man admits that he does not understand Wagner or care for Shakespeare, it may be safe to go on his bond.

Graft with the Government Seal

THEY say in England that abolition of the House of Lords is going to become something more than a feeble and transparent campaign bluff—which is all it has ever amounted to in the past. Perhaps so. We devoutly hope it, partly because, if ever the movement is taken up in earnest, it will prove an education and a comfort to many Americans who are properly troubled about graft at home, and who are misled by surface appearances into thinking that we have more of it than other countries.

Speaking in general terms, there is no bribery in England. Up to very recently there couldn't very well be any, because the exploiting, wealth-holding interests not merely owned the government, but also were the government. The only people, generally speaking, who wanted governmental favors and couldn't get them gratis were the poor who had no money to bribe anybody with. This simple fact explains the superior purity of English politics—which has caused so many American blushes.

English landlords own half the government as an hereditary right. The people may vote until they are black in the face without making the slightest impression upon the great land interest. It is quite as though Mr. Rogers and his heirs forever had a veto power over any legislation affecting oil, and Mr. Harriman enjoyed a like privilege concerning railroad laws. Had such an arrangement obtained the last fifty years our politics would have been much purer in a certain technical sense; but, on the whole, the people would hardly have been as well off.

Our railroads have spent money for corrupt political purposes. Possibly their capitalization is to some small degree affected by such expenditures, which we call graft. The capitalization of the English roads contains immense sums of which they were mulcted by the governing owners of the land. They do not call that graft in England; but it comes to exactly the same thing for the people who pay the freight.

The House of Lords is graft constitutionally established, robed and canonized.

Boosting Education from the Top

THAT justly-celebrated publicist, Mr. George Ade, lays down the following law of philanthropic efficiency: "If you want to boost get underneath." Mr. Rockefeller's record-breaking gift of thirty-two millions in a lump to the General Education Board naturally reminds us of the dictum. This brings the total of Mr. Rockefeller's gifts for educational purposes up to eighty millions. Mr. Carnegie is only a few laps in the rear, and a complete census of the also-rans would show a considerable population bearing gifts.

Practically all this money is poured out on top. The great bulk of it goes for education of the sort called "higher." That is, it brings additional opportunity to those who already enjoy a rather goodly measure of opportunity. Hardly at all does it lighten the way for those who have no opportunity. The boost is available only for those who are already up at least to the middle of the heap.

Building greater plants for "higher education" will not help the breaker boy who works a ten-hour turn at the coal mines. It offers nothing to the child who has nothing, but toils all his days and all his strength in a cotton mill or glass factory. The millions are given by those who remain steadfast in the simple belief of their fathers that this is a land where everybody has an equal opportunity. They finger the tangible results of changed economic conditions in their own huge fortunes; but they staunchly refuse to see other results of those same changes.

We wish the General Education Board would set aside a couple of millions for the purpose of educating princely donors as to child labor and other modern conditions. There might then be more boosting from underneath.

A Passing Labor Trouble

IT IS a real pleasure to read the returns from Witwatersrand for the year recently ended. The "Rand," as everybody knows, is the world's greatest producer of gold. The output last year broke all records, exceeding five and a half million fine ounces, of a value of about one hundred and fifteen million dollars. Since their discovery the mines have produced over three-quarters of a billion dollars.

But this marvelously rich region has been sadly afflicted with labor troubles. The native Kaffirs, who originally furnished the labor on an admirable bread-and-water basis, got so they simply couldn't be depended upon. It is said that some of them actually demanded real wages; but this is mere rumor.

In this emergency, as is well known, the mine-owners arranged with the Government to import cargoes of Chinese coolies under certain indentures which skillfully disguised to the coolie the fact that he was enjoying the blessing of residing under the flag of a land that knows no slavery. This aroused the indignation of sentimentalists in Parliament, and, for a time, it looked as though Africa's wondrous mines would have to close—or else give up a considerable part of their golden product to the labor that extracted it.

But that danger seems, happily, to be passed. Some newly-invented machinery, it is said, promises to maintain and even enlarge the present rate of output and of dividends. The mines have been a great boon to London. For the people who actually worked them, they haven't done so well.

Setting the Golden Eggs

NET earnings of the United States Steel Corporation last year, "after deducting the cost of ordinary repairs, renewals and maintenance of plants, and interest on bonds, and fixed charges of subsidiary companies," amounted to the tidy sum of $156,619,111. Interest and sinking-fund requirements on the corporation's own bonds took $29,651,914; and the residue was equal to rather over thirty-five per cent. on the only outstanding stock of the corporation that has any basis in tangible values. After paying the stipulated seven per cent. on that stock there remained $101,747,521, or substantially twenty per cent. on the $508,302,500 of common stock, which is all water.

The management might, therefore, have committed the folly of paying a twenty per cent. dividend on this stock, which would have seriously embarrassed its stand-pat tariff friends. But it was much wiser. It charged off from the net earnings $78,753,876 for special improvements, replacements, reserves and new construction. It is building the immense new plant at Gary out of earnings. Out of earnings, also, other plants are being greatly enlarged.

Presently these new mills will be making profits—particularly if there is no injurious "tinkering with the tariff." Those profits will go in dividends to the holders of the half billion common stock. And the trust will say: "See how many hundred million dollars we have spent in building these mills! Shall we not have a fair return upon our capital?" If anybody objects that the hundred millions were graft derived from the tariff and pool arrangements that monopolize the market at home, the trust will reply that the objector is a demagogue.

Meanwhile the trust pays only very modest dividends on the common stock. It will not kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. It will not even suck the eggs. It thriftily tucks them all back under the grand old mother-goose of the tariff to be hatched into whole broods of golden goslings.

Higher Pay for the Higher House

THE Senate dealt with the delicate matter of raising its own wages in a fashion that must bring blushes of shame to the honest cheek of every member of the lower house. On the call for ayes and nays Senatorial hands shot up with an alacrity born partly of courage and partly of need.

Those who in the stress of a great political campaign are termed sovereign citizens will regard the episode with mingled emotion; at the crossroads stores it will afford a topic for debate that will share in interest only with the Thaw trial; a few citizens will wonder if the Clarkes, Guggenheims, Drydens, Platts, Tillmans and Depews will notice the increase in their pay envelopes, and a whole lot of citizens will wonder if they deserve the raise.

When Sickness is Criminal

THE modern hospital is a great institution. There are few cities of the third or fourth class in the United States that haven't better equipped, more modern hospitals than even the largest cities of Europe. And in small towns, also, hospitals are springing up that give scientific care and trained nursing for a small sum. We may be reckless of human life, but we take mighty good care of the sick and injured. The old prejudice against "going to the hospital" has disappeared altogether among intelligent Americans, and is less strong with the ignorant. The hospital is the proper place—it should be the best place—for the sick who need special care.

Public sanitation and hygiene have not gone so far with us as surgery and hospital management. The epidemics of disease in Chicago and Scranton this winter betray a laxity of attention to public health that is probably political. Surely the one thing that a city government should be compelled to maintain honest and efficient is the department of health! Bad water and lax inspection of milk are intolerable crimes. For the day is coming when preventable sickness will be looked upon as a disgrace, not a misfortune; when it will be every one's first business to keep himself well so far as Nature gives him the means to be well. Our excellent hospitals will then be reserved for those cases of unavoidable disease or of surgical requirement—not for typhoid-fever epidemics.

To Put the Muffler on New York

IT LOOKS very much as if we were going to have a great boom for the deaf and dumb alphabet. New York is said to fix the fashions for the country in most things, and New York is about to be the scene of a crusade which, if successful, can logically have but one effect—the suppression of all sounds for which there is a soundless equivalent.

The proposition is an extension of the idea that a waste of energy is a negative offense against natural laws and an active agent in promoting nervous exhaustion. It had its inception, so the story goes, in the indignation of dwellers along the riverside against a graceless captain who serenaded his sweetheart with prolonged toots from his steamboat whistle in the very small hours of the morning. The success which attended the protests of the disturbed souls kindled afresh the smoldering spark of restlessness in the bosoms of many a would-be Anti, and the Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noises is now a fact.

We are especially interested in the issue of this latest manifestation of the reform bacillus. It is reactionary, in a sense, and a holiday in a noiseless New York would be a good deal like a Fourth of July without the firecrackers; but, on the other hand, if it does nothing more, it promises to give temporary purpose and employment to the lives of a good many people who otherwise would spend much time scolding Johnny, trying to reach high C with a voice below par, or catching cold on the front doorstep while saying that last and *most* important word of the good-by to dear, departing Jemima.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Terrapin—Maryland Style

THE moral of this story is always to eat your terrapin—tar-pin, they call it over there—Maryland style. There are two things a seeker after trouble can always get a fight on in certain sections of the Sunny South: the right way to make a mint julep and the proper sauce for terrapin. But this tale concerns a man full of years and peace and honors and terrapin—Maryland style—and, at the risk of violating one or two literary precedents, the moral is set down first, for, unlike the morals of most stories, it is very important.

When a man aged eighty-two, after a retirement of twenty-five years, goes debonairly back to the Senate of the United States and gets into the thick of it immediately, and when that man always has taken his terrapin Maryland style, it proves something. It proves that William Pinkney Whyte is one of the finest old chaps in public life, and that what Ponce de Leon really wanted to find was terrapin, Maryland style, and not a foolish spring, or fountain, or creek, or whatever it was.

William Pinkney Whyte left the Senate in 1881, and came back, by appointment, last June, after the death of Arthur Pue Gorman. When he left he was vigorous and virile, and when he returned he was virile and vigorous. The rate bill was in its last stages when he arrived with his toga on his arm. Mr. Whyte plunged in. Taking up the thread of the discourse where he had dropped it twenty-five years before, he set forth his views and, to show how slow is the progress of statesmanship, he didn't have to revise much to be in perfect touch with the times.

To be sure, things were rather different in an executive sense than when he left Washington, but the fundamentals were the same, and after a man has reached the youth of eighty-two the fundamentals are the things that count, not the frills and embroideries and farrididdles of the day or hour.

Mr. Whyte found what he deemed an incursion of the Executive of the President into the forbidden fields of the rights of the States. He prepared a resolution, which he introduced early in the present session of Congress, setting forth his ideas of the strict relations between the States and the President, and he spoke to it one afternoon with much fire and emphasis. He reverted to the history of the Constitution and came down rapidly to the speech of Secretary Root before the Pennsylvania Society, where the Secretary advocated centralization or, at least, where he gets the credit, or blame, of having advocated centralization. Then he handed this neat one to the learned Secretary of State, after showing that Root's ideas were the same as those of Alexander Hamilton, a statesman of monarchial tendencies: "The beautiful description of our beloved country, the advance in science and art, invention and trade, rapid transit and telephone communication was worthy of the erudite word-painter and the ripe scholar; but in the political changes of sentiment, which he depicted as existing now, he drew largely on poetic license."

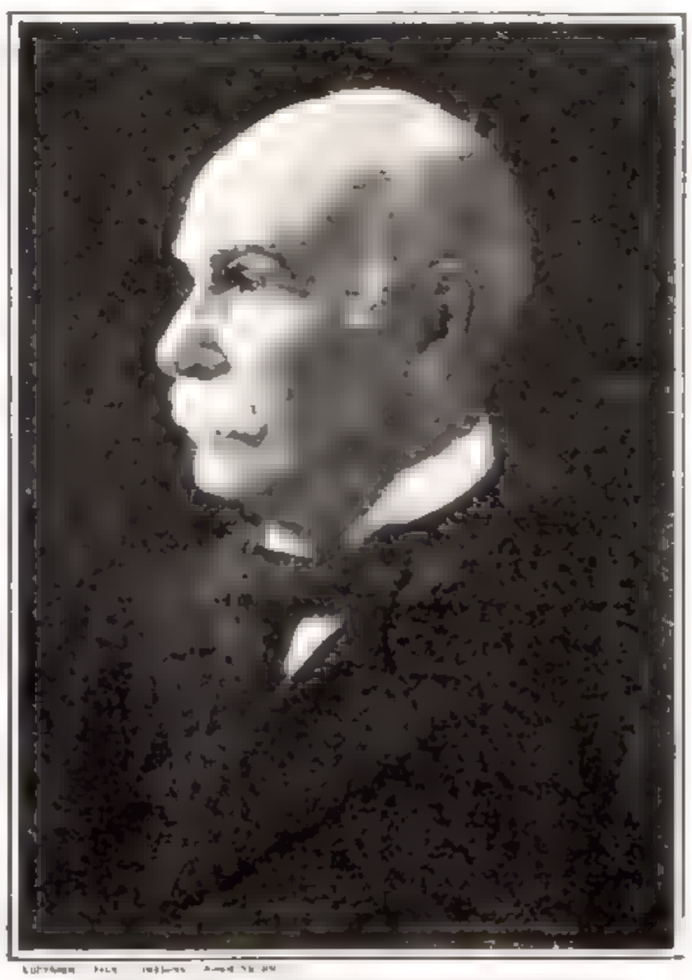
Now, that shows the benefits of terrapin, Maryland style. Instead of telling Mr. Root he didn't know what he was talking about and was wrong, not to say untruthful or mistaken, the orator, genial and kindly, from the mellowing influences of terrapin, Maryland style, full of romance and poetry, said "he drew largely on poetic license." Wasn't that nice? It didn't hurt Mr. Root's feelings, but it showed him plainly that William Pinkney Whyte had the dots on him and that he would best beware and quit this nonsense of making an empire out of what Mr. Whyte insists is a confederated republic.

Mr. Whyte has taken his stand in the Senate on this ground. He is strictly against any aggrandizement of power by the Government, and in that position he has a lot of support, including the backing of his friends, who are also over eighty—Senators Morgan and Pettus, of Alabama. States' rights make a Southern Democrat touchy. If some of the other Democrats had taken a whack at Mr. Root's speech they wouldn't have called his statements "poetic license." They would have been much ruder and more direct than that. Still, not many of the Southern Democrats had the advantage of being born in Baltimore and of coming up through years and years of terrapin, Maryland style. No man can be touchy who is lined with that dish. No man can be rude and direct who has recollections of eighty years of feasting on that concoction. It is impossible, for better eighty years of terrapin than all the other food that ever simmered in the pan.

He is spry and active and in constant attendance on his duties. He is courteous and affable and most learned in the law. Nineteen years ago, when he was nominated for attorney-general of Maryland, he thought, and said so publicly, that that office would round out his career. He contemplated retirement and terrapin, undisturbed by the cares of state. But retirement is impossible for a man who eats his terrapin Maryland style.

William Pinkney Whyte served his four years as attorney-general and then, after a respite, was made chairman of the City Charter Commission and, after that, city solicitor. He was too young to retire, and when Governor Warfield appointed him as Senator he was still too young, and he came to the Senate, and he's there now, hale and hearty.

His long life has been active and useful. He went to the Legislature in 1847 and was Comptroller of the Treasury in



William Pinkney Whyte, Senator from Maryland

1853. He was appointed to the Senate to succeed Reverdy Johnson in 1868, and elected Governor of Maryland in 1871. In 1874 he was elected to the Senate for the full term, retired in 1881 and was elected Mayor of Baltimore in the fall of the same year.

In addition, he has practiced assiduously at the Maryland bar. He won much fame as a criminal lawyer early in his life. A pompous youngster of forty-five or thereabouts was boasting to him one day about his murder cases.

"Mr. Whyte," he said, "I pay much attention to the criminal branch and I flatter myself I have been most successful. I have tried nine murder cases since I have been at the bar, and only one of my clients was hanged. Have you done much in the criminal line, Mr. Whyte?"

"A little," Mr. Whyte replied.

"Tried many murder cases?"

"Only sixty-eight."

The pompous lawyer was astonished. "How many of your clients were hanged?" he asked.

"Not one," boomed Mr. Whyte, in that big voice that everybody in Baltimore knows.

And right here is shown another advantage of the terrapin diet. His voice is clear as a bell and as sonorous. It isn't high-pitched with age, shaky and tremulous. It is steady and powerful. When he is talking everybody around knows it.

It is terrapin that has done it, too, for the Senator is most abstemious otherwise. He keeps two decanters at his house, one for his friends and one for himself. His own decanter is filled with cold tea, and in this convivial fluid he drinks such healths as may be required.

It is all due to the terrapin, Maryland style. Many another man has lived to be eighty-two without terrapin, and many another will, but mighty few men have lived to be so important as William Pinkney Whyte, to be so youthful, so vigorous—so terrapiny, so to speak.

It would be impudence to call him old. Mere years, that extend through oceans of terrapin, Maryland style, mean nothing, save that they have frosted his hair. His step is as long, his eye as bright, his mind as clear as when he thought he was going to retire, nineteen years ago. He can't retire. He will never retire. Why should he retire?—for there are as good terrapin on the Eastern Sho' as ever came from it, and there's only one way to cook them, if you would eat and attain the glories of perpetual youth—Maryland style.

The Hall of Fame

¶ Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, could spell his name "Tighlman" if he wanted to. Some of the members of the family do.

¶ Representative Sydney Johnston Bowie, of Alabama, is kin to the man who invented the Bowie knife, but he doesn't use one.

¶ John Baldwin, who lives at Omaha and is the head lawyer for the Union Pacific Railroad, is a great orator, but he isn't working at it much now.

¶ Colonel Albert A. Pope, the bicycle and automobile manufacturer, and General Nelson A. Miles are great chums. They spend much of their time together.

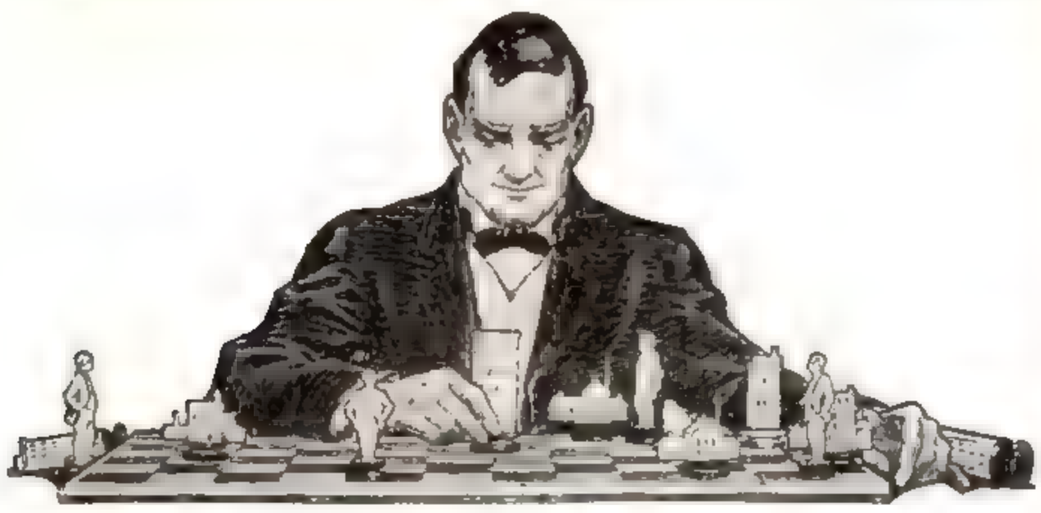
¶ Thomas F. Walsh, the Colorado millionaire, who lives in Washington, is interested in archæology, which is natural, for he has dug up a few things himself, including his fortune.

¶ J. Pierpont Morgan wears a square-topped derby hat of a design that is his own property. He has worn the same style of a hat for many years. It is so ugly that nobody tries to copy it.

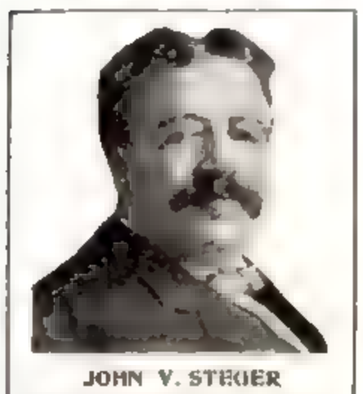
¶ The sons of Murat Halstead, the old-time Ohio journalist, appear to have a mortgage on the consulship at Birmingham, England. Marshal Halstead served there eight years and retired to give his brother, Albert, a chance at the place.

¶ The Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, of New York, the minister-reformer, and George H. Daniels, general passenger agent of the New York Central Railroad, wear whiskers of the paint-brush variety, standing out stiffly from their chins. John K. Gowdy, who has just retired as Consul-General at Paris, used to wear that kind, too, but some Parisian barber wheedled him into cutting them off, much to the disgust of Rushville, Indiana.

Business—the Great Game



Let us shut our eyes on the sordid things in business, and see the sublime! Let us look beyond our mere greed after the dollar and see the glory of the game! For business *is* a great game—a game full of exciting interest, quick headwork, adventurous daring, rich prizes. It is a game which calls for more strategy than foot-ball; for more skill than base-ball; for more risk than lion-hunting; for more alertness than lacrosse or tennis. It is a more popular game than any other in the whole wide world. And even that all-absorbing game of love must bow to business; for we are in love but once (or twice) in a life-time, while we are in business *always*.

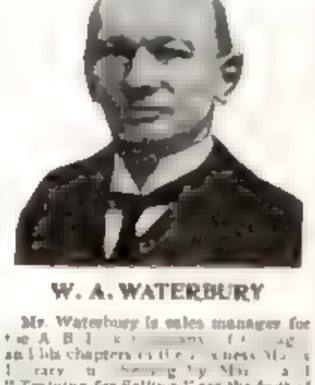


JOHN V. STEGER

John V. Steger, founder of Steger & Sons' Piano Manufacturing Co. In the Business Man's Library Mr. Steger gives us a priceless chapter full of practical business secrets, in a practical, helpful way that will be found of great help to every man with a market to make or a demand to fill—be he a big or small employer or employee

The beauty about this game of business is its utter simplicity. Once we make up our minds to *play the game*, we can begin right away—right at our own daily work, without leaving our desks. We can begin as a stock-boy and play our way to the President's chair, as plenty of others have. We can come in green from the country, and out-play smooth city chaps who, at the start, are right even with us, elbow to elbow. Yes, and more to the point, we can, by *playing the game*, increase *our own* salaries, double *our own* profits, no matter who we are, or where we sit.

For business is no respecter of persons. It asks us no questions as to our yesterdays. It rewards us with an impartial hand, purely according to our ability to *play the game*. And it sets no limit, save the limit of our own skillful endeavor.



W. A. WATERBURY

Mr. Waterbury is sales manager for the A B [illegible] Company, and his chapters in the Business Man's Library on "Training for Selling," are the fruit of years of ripe business experience, of which you, a novice or veteran in selling, can take instant advantage with [illegible] loss of time and money which experience usually necessitates.

Do not think that this ability to play the game of business is a natural gift. Do not think that business men are born, rather than made. Do not think that success in business is made up wholly of energy, or determination, or pluck—although each of these plays its part. And do not, no, never! conclude that it is founded on haphazard chance, or on luck. For business is a scientific game—a game of certain laws, with known exceptions; a game in which a given cause may be relied upon to produce a known effect.

The common short-coming of too many of us is that we are satisfied with what we already know—that we are content (shame on us!) in the thought that we are sure, at least, of holding our own.

Now, in reality, if we are to succeed in playing the game of business, it isn't half enough to be able to hold our own! If we are buyers, we must reach out, and know salesmanship! If we are salesmen, it is not half enough that we be good salesmen—we must know credits, collections, accounting! If we are office men, we must know the art of marketing a product. If we are executives—or no matter who we are—we must know all the little ins and outs of business; that is, if we are going to *play the game!*

A. F. SHELDON

Mr. Sheldon is the founder and president of the Sheldon School of Scientific [illegible], and has made a life study of the underlying principles the ruling methods, the [illegible] *technique*, which elevates selling from an uncertain, happy-go-lucky calling to the certainty and the science of a profession. Mr. Sheldon has contributed the result of his research in a remarkable chapter to the Business Man's Library

Nor can we hope to learn the whole game of business out of our own personal experience—we must seek out, and appropriate for ourselves the costly experience of countless other men. We must know the mistakes which they have made, so that we need not make them. We must study the plans which they have found successful, so that we may apply them in our own work. We must realize that in this game of business—where one established fact is worth a whole hatful of theories—we will be rewarded, not as we *think*, but as we *know*.

How can a man learn this game of business—how can he study its strategy and master its points of play, *without* going through that costly school of experience which eats up our money, our patience, our time?

There is a way—a new way—the only way. If you will read this page carefully, and then the next, you will know more about how to learn business, the great game, than has ever been published before.

How to Sell Goods

—How to ginger up a sales force.
—How to [illegible] business in dull seasons.
—How to route, handle and check salesmen
How to train, develop and coach sales force
—How to secure and organize salesmen [illegible]
How to win the dealer's co-operation and support
How to advertise concisely and thoroughly treate
—How to meet objections and [illegible]
—How to make the consumer in [illegible]
How to work the "big stick" end of selling goods to re[illegible]
—How to help the wholesalers and retailers to the best advantage
—How to judge a good salesman how to hire, and how to be one
How to analyze your proposition and pick out its selling [illegible]
How to [illegible] of the ranks of the [illegible] and become a real salesman

And [illegible] other vital pointers and plans for clerks, salesmen, retailers wholesalers [illegible] and advertising men

How to Buy at Rock Bottom

How to trap a lying salesman
How to close a big [illegible]
How to prevent extravagant [illegible]
—How to [illegible] men and make [illegible]
—How to know to a nicety what stock is [illegible]
How to avoid penny wise, pound foolish purchases
—How to keep track of promises, agreements, deliveries etc
—How to get up the necessary forms, blanks, etc., for requisitions, orders, receipts, etc
—How to keep in touch with your market and take advantage of special opportunities.
—How to [illegible] one salesman against another, and thereby secure for yourself every opportunity to get the lower price
—How to devise a simple system which will bring to your notice, automatically, all data, prices, etc., about a given article.
—How to [illegible] a complete purchasing and record system for a [illegible] order house, a factory, or a retail, wholesale, or department store

A [illegible] of these pointers [illegible] and [illegible] at every business man big or small employer or employee, ought to have constantly at his finger-tips

How to Collect Money

—How to judge credits.
—How to collect by mail
—How to handle "touchy" customers
—How to be a good collector—and how to hire one.
—How to organize a credit and collection department
—How to weed out dishonest buyers from the safe risks.
How to know every day the state of your accounts receivable
How to get quick, accurate, inside information about a customer's ability to pay
—How to write those diplomatic letters that bring in the money without giving offense
—How to organize your own collection agency and force worthless debtors to pay without [illegible]
—How to judge of foreign credits, and how to collect money promptly from foreign countries
—How to devise a simple and effective system of insuring prompt and periodical collections of all your accounts

And valuable information, obtainable in no other way, for credit men, collectors accountants, and every business man interested in this department.

The Business Man's Library described here Course under the great Master-Minds of B writers but National Business Men, whos tion and confidence, are its authors. places at your instant disposal the cry whole world of business. Are you co to spoil opportunities and waste cha when practical help such as this is

Seventy-eight big, broad business men, in all, are the authors of this Library. These seventy-eight men delve down into the depths of their rich experience, and give us not only the intimate secrets of their own successes but priceless business information, working plans, methods, statistics, tabulations, systems, hints, pointers, from high places in the world of money where few are permitted to enter. In no other way can you get the valuable information which the Business Man's Library will give you, save through the slow and costly school of experience. For what is offered you here *is* solid business experience, collected, classified, condensed, and crystallized for your benefit at a cost of thousands and thousands of dollars. And who can put a dollars and cents value on working information such as this?

Big men in these bought these book[illegible] and these are [illegible] taken at random [illegible] and thousands of [illegible]

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N. K. Fairbank
Illinois Steel
National Cash R
Sears, Roebuck
Jones Dry Good
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Nelson Morris
Columbia Phon
National Biscui
American Can
Goodyear Rubbe
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Montgomery W
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Cudahy Packing
Otis Elevator
Bell Telephone
Western Electric

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- How to keep tab on the production cost of each machine and employee.
- How to figure depreciation, burden, indirect expense, up-keep, profit loss cost
- How to know EVERY DAY all the little details that may turn into leaks and losses of time and money

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Learn to Play the Game

Just as a physician may read medicine, just as a lawyer may read law, just so may a man, now, read *business*.

The vital success-secrets of business are no longer locked in private vaults, or reserved to be handed down from father to son with jealous care. That science of the game which enables some men to succeed where hosts of others fail is no longer shrouded in mystery and hidden in darkness. It is now, and for the first time, dragged forth into the bright light of day: its secrets laid bare; its principles analyzed; its laws formulated; its exceptions noted its every phase and every branch put under the glass of intelligent, scientific study, so that all, big and small, employer and employee—you and I—may read at our leisure and master at ease

ALEXANDER H. REVELL

[illegible] president of the great firm bearing [illegible] name. Mr. Revell's [illegible] has been [illegible] a success [illegible] [illegible] a good [illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

The Senator's Secretary

THE war that never would have been fought with Japan never will be fought. We have achieved peace with honor and with a club. President Roosevelt has cut another notch in his big stick. Senator Aldrich is a candidate for the Nobel prize. California will not secede. Japan is satisfied because she hasn't the money to be dissatisfied. The dove is brooding again, and we are all happy, happy, happy—Oh, list to the joybells ring!

All these terrible difficulties under which we have been staggering for weeks were smoothed away by an expedient so childishly simple that it occurred only to the most astute mind in the Administration, said mind being the property of Elihu Root, Secretary of State.

California demanded the exclusion of Japanese coolies before the ninety-three Japanese youngsters whose a-b abs made all the trouble would be allowed to go to school with white children. An exclusion law seemed impossible in the short session of Congress, and a treaty would not satisfy.

Just as it seemed that we must give up the Philippines and surrender Hawaii and submit to much other humiliation, Mr. Root came along with his remedy. He proposed that an exclusion amendment be placed on the Immigration Bill, passed by the House last session, and since that time occupying a dignified but dusty position in a pigeonhole in the Senate Immigration Committee-room.

There was a grand chorus of "Just the thing!" and Root's amendment was sent to Congress and passed. Then everybody sang the doxology and the hostile Californians went back home.

Somebody will write a comic opera about this war with Japan one of these days. Maybe a cycle of comic operas would do better, for there is too much material for any single presentation, unless it is in the Chinese style.

The Jap Cracker as a Snapper

It began with the segregation of the Japanese children in San Francisco. There were only a few of them. That did not make much impression in the East, for the people there are busy, and California is far away. Then President Roosevelt came along with his message. He took California out of the sisterhood of States and spanked her in full view of the world. He certainly was intense over it, and said things about using the armed forces of the Government to force California to observe treaty rights of a friendly power, and all that. California let out a scream of defiance that came echoing over the Rocky Mountains like a siren-whistle blowing in a tunnel.

Things simmered for a few weeks, with California spasmodically searching her soul for new ways to say "Never!" and with the President delivering lectures to all comers on the imminence of war, and bewailing his own sad fate that would keep him cooped up in the White House instead of leading khaki-clad Rough Riders against the Mongolian hordes. Japan was negotiating, calmly, suavely, but always with one end in view. Japan agreed with everything that was proposed, but always tied a cracker on the end of every agreement, in the shape of a gentle inquiry: "What about the Japanese school-children?"

There was nothing doing except noise. The people paid no attention to the affair, not realizing that a crisis had a stranglehold on us, and already one of our shoulders was on the mat. Then the President went to the front again. He called in the California delegation, and he set off a few packs of firecrackers that made those statesmen think all the thirteen-inch guns in the navy were being fired at the same time. The President talked of war, he pictured war, he drew diagrams of war, and he had a few touching paragraphs about the unpreparedness of this country and the preparedness of Japan.

That started it again. The result was that the Mayor of San Francisco and the members of the Board of Education were summoned to Washington.

They came. At every watering-tank where the train stopped on the way across the continent Mayor Schmitz put his head out of the car window and snorted a few assorted snorts of defiance. There was to be no surrender. The snorting machine was in fine working order at the Washington end, also. Everybody in the Capital heard it. The situation was so parlous that anxious patriots in the House and Senate thronged the rooms of the Rivers and Harbors Committees, and they wept before the men who had the fortifications bill in charge, pleading for coast defenses for Indianapolis and Topeka and other seaport towns. They were preparing to evacuate Boston, for it was well known that England would send a fleet to the Atlantic Coast as soon as Japan struck the first blow on the Pacific side.

"Stand!" was the Cry

The San Francisco delegation arrived and went to the White House. They were told what they must do. It was explained to them that the Japanese children must be allowed to go to school with the white children. The Californians asked what they would get in return. The war-drums were beaten again. There were hints of hostilities. The Californians were impressed, but they were bombarded with telegrams urging them to remain firm. "Stand," wired the people back home to their representatives, "till the last armed foe expires; stand for your altars and your fires. Don't give in to any man, and we'll go out alone and lick Japan"—or words to that effect.

They went to the White House several times. Deep secrecy was to be maintained. One afternoon the White House gave out a statement, before the conference began, that anything printed about it would be absolutely untrue. This showed the deep importance of it all; for, usually, the White House waits until after things are printed before denying them. It was announced there was a deadlock. Neither side would give in. The Californians demanded exclusion of Japanese coolies. The President was willing, but did not see how he could do more than promise to negotiate a treaty, after the children had been allowed to go to school.

The Californians wanted legislation. It was pointed out that that was impossible, because Congress must adjourn on March 4. Meantime, Japan was insisting, but claiming that she had none but the most pacific intentions. It was held that what Japan meant was Pacific intentions instead of pacific. There were loud cries.

Then Secretary Root strolled in with his amendment which permits the President to refuse the passports of any country when he is satisfied the people holding the passports will create conditions detrimental to American labor—which excludes Japanese coolies without naming them—and this amendment was tacked on the Immigration bill. The war-clouds vanished. It was all over—almost. The conferees agreed on the Root amendment. It came up in the Senate. All was serene until Senator Tillman blew up. He saw, not in the Japanese amendment, but in some other provisions of the Immigration bill, danger to the South.

Senator Bacon Blows Up

Senator Bacon also blew up, but he had a time-fuse on and didn't get into action as quickly as Tillman. A filibuster was organized. Bacon was put out to talk. That is the best thing Bacon does. He can talk for four weeks without exhausting the first subdivision of the first idea for the first paragraph of his speech, and he always talks in parentheses. There are a few Senators who always see danger for the South. They find hobgoblins in every proposition advanced in Congress. They are morally certain everything that is done anywhere is for the purpose of hampering the South. The tyrant's heel is always on the neck of all territory below Mason and Dixon's Line, according to these argus-eyed statesmen.

Bacon talked for a few hours, and Tillman talked also. It was to be a sure-enough filibuster. Exactly here is where Nelson W. Aldrich pervaded. He was in New York, but he heard about the filibuster. He is anxious to go to Europe, and does not want any delay in legislation.

He went to the telephone and called up Senator Murray Crane, of Massachusetts, who does things for Aldrich. The conversation with Crane was brief, but illuminating, and it illuminated those two dauntless filibusters, Tillman and Bacon. This was the point of it:

Go to Tillman and Bacon and tell them if they do not quit and allow the Immigration bill, with this Japanese amendment, to pass by Saturday, all reference to South Carolina and Georgia will be cut out of the Rivers and Harbors bill.

Now, that was a horrible alternative. There was the sturdy patriot, Tillman, with some projects in the bill for South Carolina, and the doughty Bacon with some Georgia projects in it. The filibusters certainly were face-to-face with a perplexing situation. Rivers and Harbors bills do not come so often as they used to, and the pork they carry is sweet, even to such nonconformists as Tillman and Bacon. It was frightful to be thus maltreated, but that man Aldrich has a reputation for doing what he says he will do, and, more than that, he usually has the votes.

The filibuster died a sudden death. Both Tillman and Bacon disclaimed, denied and deprecated any idea that they had been coerced, and the other Senators nodded their heads in grave approval. Of course not! Perish the thought! *A bas* the idea! Never, never, never, and then some! But the Immigration bill passed, and there will be no war.

The White House bogy has been stored away in a cedar chest. The Californians are home again. Japan is our honorable friend, and peace—and a Rivers and Harbors bill—have their victories no less renowned than a Portsmouth Conference.

Having Fun with Spooner

Most Senators live permanently in the high grass. They have opinions, but they keep them canned. Now and then a smudge is started that chases one of these elusive statesmen out into the open, and that is what happened to Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin, famous as a compromiser, and rarely known to commit himself to any policy when that policy was not in discussion. Mr. Spooner is as far-seeing as any other. He is a firm believer in the rights of the majority, but when he finds himself in the minority he can climb over the fence so quickly that he looks like a college pole-vaulter.

He was talking on the Army bill the other day, and he made some statement about the transportation of troops. Senator Aldrich strolled in and saw a good chance to have a pleasant half-hour with Spooner. He began asking questions and adroitly led up to the tariff. Aldrich is the staunchest protectionist in Congress. He believes in the Dingley bill, and he is against tariff revision. There may be local Rhode Island reasons for that, or it may be that he is wedded to the policy from pure patriotism. There is a chance for argument there. At any rate, Aldrich led Spooner up to the tariff question, Spooner protesting and backing and filling, and finally he wrung from Spooner the statement that, while he is as firm a believer in protection as anybody, he is of the opinion that some of the schedules are excessive.

When Spooner said that Aldrich grinned, and, although he kept up the discussion for a time, he got out of it as soon as he could. He had put Spooner out in the open, where all could see. It was fun for Aldrich, but it was torture for Spooner.

Everybody knew why he took the bait. Wisconsin is for tariff revision. LaFollette, the other Wisconsin Senator, is for it. Spooner hated to trail, but Aldrich made him, and the whole Senate chuckled and laughed decorously in the Senate chamber and shouted with joy in the committee-rooms. The chance to heckle Spooner comes so rarely that everybody there would have bought tickets to see and hear it, if admission had not been free.

The tariff revision sentiment outside of Washington grows rapidly, but it hasn't a chance in Washington, where the work must be done. Legislatures are passing resolutions demanding a revision of the schedules and sending them to Congress. Breathless special correspondents arrive to

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Any doctor will tell you that the ordinary, common rubber is unhealthy because it makes the shoe air tight, causes the foot to sweat, swell, ache, burn when you take the rubber off, the foot is chilled. The

TRADE MARK EVERSTICK INVISIBLE RUBBER

For Men — For Women

[redacted] Covers only the bottom and sides of the sole of the shoe, leaving the top free to breathe, keeping the foot [redacted] Very easy to put on or take off, and made to fit any style of shoe worn by men and women.

Just as necessary in clear, cold weather to keep the feet warm, as they are in wet, stormy weather to keep the feet dry.

Price for Men, $1.25; for Women, in Black, $1.00; in White and Tan, $1.25

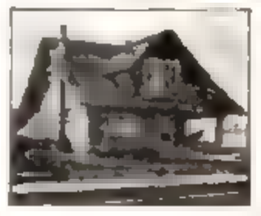
Accept no substitute because no other rubber is so good as the Everstick. Insist on having the Everstick fit closely to the foot. See that the name Everstick is stamped on the lining. All good shoe men sell them, but if you cannot get a pair where you live, write us.

Send for our free booklet "Foot Safety."

The Adams & Ford Co., Mnfrs.
55 Bank St., CLEVELAND, O.

ASBESTITE

THE ROOFING THAT LASTS



A perfect cover for flat or steep, new or old roofs. Contains no tar to dry or run. Needs no coating of any kind. Easy to put on. Endures all climates and weathers. 5 year quality guaranteed, $1.00 per square. 10 year quality guaranteed, $1.60 per square. 20 year quality guaranteed, $3.00 per square.

Money Back If Not Satisfied

One square contains 108 sq. ft. and covers 100 sq. ft. Freight paid anywhere in United States or Canada on 6 squares or more. Special prices on quantity lots.

Send for samples.

THE PARK & POLLARD CO., 29 Canal Street, Boston, Mass.

A Painting and Whitewashing Machine

Does the Work of 20 Men

with brushes, and does it better. Send for catalogue No. 2 which is free. J. A. DEL SOLAR, 103 Fulton St., New York, N. Y.

watch Congress bow to the will of an imperial State; but Congress doesn't bow. Congress only laughs. There is as much chance of revising the tariff at the present time as there is of annexing England. The trouble with the legislatures that pass such resolutions is that they do not understand the Washington alignment.

Aldrich and Cannon are against tariff revision, and the President is keeping quiet about it, for reasons of his own. That combination is omnipotent, so far as legislation goes, with the present Republican majority on both sides, and all the legislatures in the country can pass resolutions from now until the Fourth and not make a dent the size of a pin-prick. The tariff will be revised when Joseph G. Cannon, of Danville, Illinois, and Nelson W. Aldrich, of Providence, Rhode Island, want it revised, and not a fraction of a minute before; and, it may be remarked in passing, that that time is neither imminent nor contiguous

When the Agricultural Appropriation bill came along the Senators all took notice of a paragraph increasing the salary of Gifford Pinchot, chief forester, from three thousand five hundred dollars a year to five thousand dollars a year. Pinchot is one of the Tennis Board. He is at the White House so often that the visitors to that historic structure take him to be one of the regular sights, like Major Loeffler, the President's doorkeeper, and Stone, the chief usher. It has always been the impression that he is a rich man, interested in forestry and giving his knowledge and time to the Government from sheer love of his work, combined with a bubbling and effusive patriotism. It was a rude shock to discover he wanted more money for those patriotic services.

The Senate inquired about it. Was it possible that this member of the Tennis Board, this intimate of the President's, this counsellor and friend of the Administration, with nothing but the greatest good to the greatest number in mind, desired a raise of one thousand five hundred dollars a year? An ideal was shattered right there. Maybe he is working for money. Many Senators shed tears.

"I suppose," said my Senator, "it is all right. If a man can be an unselfish patriot on three thousand five hundred dollars a year, perhaps he can be a more unselfish patriot for five thousand a year."

A STRUGGLE IN THE DARK

MY LIFE has been a struggle in the dark. For I am blind. But in the darkness I have light. I *see* through the remaining four senses.

I was nearing manhood when the real gravity of the matter presented itself to me. My parents were poor, and I realized that, if I lived as long as some of my ancestors, I would soon have to begin to do something for myself in life or become a subject of charity.

I did not enter school until I was in my fourteenth year, but, notwithstanding the fact that many impressions have been imprinted upon my memory, my mind still retains some very vivid pictures of those days, and I shall never forget the sound thrashing I gave Hon. William McCrate, of Nebraska, after he had bullied me into desperation, and I often wonder if he remembers the event as well as I do.

Not being able to read from the readers I was given the privilege of sitting with some pupil who read the lesson over to me a few times, and I went to class and repeated the reading lesson from memory. My history, geography and arithmetic were learned in a similar manner.

Not until I was past twenty-one did I learn I was entitled to attend the Ohio State School for the Blind, at Columbus, and, owing to my age, I was only permitted to attend one year. In that time, however, I learned much. Associating as I did with so many blind pupils of all ages, many of whom were very bright, and many who were to a great degree helpless, I determined to make a heroic effort to do something for myself.

His Start in Business

Soon after I came home from Columbus I started a small mail-order business, and with the aid of my mother, who read the letters and addressed the packages, I was able to build up quite a little business, and from some of my plans and advertising schemes, certain other persons, who had thousands of dollars to invest in advertising, which is expensive, have been able to build up the largest card and novelty house in the country.

My first newspaper story of any note was an account of a cyclone that passed through the town and surrounding country, and did quite a little damage. My account of that storm, and my promptness in getting it to the various newspapers, secured me the position of news correspondent for several leading Ohio and Pennsylvania dailies. Through the kindness of Samuel J. Flickinger, editor of the Ohio State Journal in those days, I was enabled to submit and have published a number of special articles.

I consider I owe a portion of my success in life to the fact that I am and always have been a close student of human nature. Not being able to read the features of persons, I made a study of the voice, and I found it reveals traits of character, habits and disposition even more correctly than the features and shape of the head.

In submitting manuscript to various publishers I have met with many difficulties. For several years I wrote with a pencil, by means of a grooved board upon which I laid my paper, and although my writing was legible it was not as clear as most publishers wish their copy.

I determined to purchase a typewriter, and when the machine arrived and I felt over the device I was discouraged, for it seemed intricate, and I thought I could never learn to use it. After being shown a few points, I soon found it was not near so difficult as I had at first supposed. Since that time I have done all my own correspondence and prepared all my copy on the typewriter.

In a personal interview with Professor Roy Knabenshue, the daring aërial navigator, he informed me I could write a more accurate description of just how the earth, with its rivers, mountains and cities, actually appear to one in an air-ship than any one he had read who had traveled above the earth. He wanted to know how I, a blind man, could form any idea at all as to how things appeared, especially to one at a great height. All I could say was I did so from imagination.

Hits the Head of an Unseen Nail

With careful management I have been able to build for myself and wife a very comfortable five-room cottage, which is situated at the edge of the town of Cadiz, Ohio, with an acre and a half of land, where I have built a little poultry ranch. When not engaged in newspaper work I am attending to my poultry. I have buildings and yards for eight different flocks, and depend upon the egg production for profit. I find if it is rightly managed it will yield a handsome little income.

In building the poultry houses I have done quite a lot of the work myself, and when it comes to sawing off a board or driving a nail I can do so as readily as one who can see. There is a peculiar sense, which I am not able to describe, that enables me to strike a nail directly on the head, even in total darkness. I have had men working upon my residence and poultry houses, and I could stand on the ground and tell the builder the length and size of certain pieces of timber to be put in certain places, and when they cut the material and tried it they found it to fit the place exactly. I am confident with a little study I could plan a house and specify every piece of timber in it, and if my plans were followed it would go together just like a piece of furniture cut by machinery.

Distinguishes Fruit by Feeling

Providence has so ordered it that when one of the five senses is weakened or destroyed the others, and more especially one, becomes more acute than the rest. I find this is true in my case. My hearing is excellent, and in delicate tests I have found I can hear sounds that few others can detect. My sense of touch is extremely acute, especially in some ways. At night, when it is calm, I can walk along a sidewalk and feel a shadow, or atmospheric resistance, of every tree or telephone pole I pass, and should a person be standing at the side of a walk with which I am thoroughly acquainted, and I am not too deep in thought, I can tell the very moment I pass them.

Through the sense of touch I am able to gather different kinds of fruit and vegetables, and can detect the different varieties as soon as I touch them. Through the sense of hearing I am able to distinguish one fowl from another, and even when they are quite small I can tell the males from the females by the tone of the voice.

I am naturally able to notice certain peculiarities in people. I have had persons talk loudly to me because they knew I was afflicted and supposed it required a greater effort for them to make themselves understood. I have actually known persons to talk loudly to a man who was lame, and it is very common for people to speak loudly to a foreigner.

The blind are, as a rule, the happiest class of people in the world. A great per cent. of them are musicians, and although they live in darkness they possess that light which makes life worth the living. I deem it my duty to make a bold struggle, and I feel that so far I have been amply rewarded, even if I do have to miss the pleasures of life obtained through the sense of sight. I am content with my lot, do not worry half as much as many I know who have all their faculties, and I am satisfied that, if I do that which is right in this life, I shall see perfectly in the life to come.

—*John Trowbridge Timmons.*

Letters to Jay Cooke

(*Concluded from Page 4*)

conversation with Lincoln which he reported as follows:

"I had a very full talk with President Lincoln at the Soldiers' Home last evening in regard to French and Mexican complications. It was started by his asking me what had put up gold. I gave him two reasons, the (popularly) unexpected delay before Charleston and the fear of trouble with France growing out of Mexican affairs, or an alliance between Jeff Davis and Louis Napoleon.

"The President expressed himself entirely satisfied with the explanation, but assured me that there was no prospect of trouble with France; for although we might, if differently situated, resent France's interference with Mexico, yet we had one war on our hands and, while it lasted, we would take good care and steer clear of another.

"So far as an alliance between Jeff Davis and Napoleon was concerned, he had no doubt that both those worthies were perfectly willing to make such an alliance, but the nature of the case forbade it. On the one hand, it would be as much as Napoleon's throne was worth for him to enter into a bargain looking to the perpetuity of slavery in the South, and on the other hand, it would be as much as Jeff Davis' head was worth to make an agreement to give up slavery; and, unless one or the other of these two things was done, there could be no alliance between France and the Confederates that would amount to anything."

Cooke saw Lincoln a number of times, but the financier's work and political interests were so closely identified with Chase that when the differences between the President and the Secretary of the Treasury became notorious, intimate relationships with the White House were interfered with.

Once Cooke and Chase rode out to the suburbs of Washington with Lincoln and Attorney-General Bates to witness McClellan drill a body of Pennsylvania reserves. On the way Cooke remarked upon Bates' gray beard and black hair and said that he was reminded of his own father, Eleutheros Cooke, whose case was similar. While the hairs of his head were black his whiskers, when he attempted to grow them, invariably came in gray. The financier expressed his amazement.

"Oh, that is an easy thing to understand in Bates' case," said Lincoln. "You see, he uses his jaws more than he does his brains."

Editor's Note—This is the first of two papers containing some of the most interesting of the late Jay Cooke's correspondence.

The first Derby made in America was a
C & K

Hats for Men

THE CHANCE

KNAPP-FELT is a wear-resisting fabric peculiar to the C & K shop, where for fifty years the finest hats have been made. The best materials which experience can suggest enter into its composition and are manipulated only by workmen whose skill is of the highest—the C & K—standard. As a result, Knapp-Felt hats combine noticeable elegance of style, superb quality and absolute permanence of color.

The shapes are exclusive C & K designs which cannot be found in any other make, and the variety of correct styles affords a wide range of choice. They retain throughout a long life their distinguished appearance. Knapp-Felt hats not only wear long—they wear *well.*

The steadfast Cronap dye is produced by a formula and process originated and developed in the C & K shop, and will not change color under the hardest conditions of weather or climate, rain or shine.

Knapp-Felt DeLuxe hats, the best made, are Six Dollars—Knapp-Felt, the next best, are Four Dollars, everywhere.

THE ADJUTANT

WRITE FOR THE HATMAN

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
840 Broadway, New York

Getting On in the World

Steps and Missteps on the Road to Fortune

The Yellow Tam-o'-Shanter

WHILE "pounding the pavements" in a large city of a Western State, a few years ago, vainly seeking employment, I, having lost my position as advertising manager for a corporation through their failure, sauntered into a branch of the post-office to purchase some stamps.

While waiting my turn at the stamp window I overheard two gentlemen talking. One, it appeared, had just started in the advertising business. His remarks indicated that he had resigned from the employ of an agency, and he boastingly declared his former employers could not fill his place.

I turned upon him with: "Pardon me, but did I meet you at ——'s advertising agency?"

My bluff took effect. He replied: "No, I guess you mean ——'s!"

Ten minutes later I was sitting in the private office of the boaster's employer of former times and listening to a refusal of my application for the position. "They had settled upon another man because of his suggestion for a famous Scotch importation," I was told.

Then I was shown a copy of this famous ad. It represented a Highlander playing golf.

"What do you think of that? Ain't it a beauty?" I was asked.

"Beauty!" I answered. "That is the worst specimen of an advertisement I ever saw."

"Rather sore, hey?"

"No, sir; the ad. is an insult to all Scotchmen."

"And pray, why?"

"Look at that yellow tam-o'-shanter. Did any man or woman ever see such a color in a tam?"

Well, I got the job. The boaster is my assistant now in an Eastern branch. I am the manager. —*P. M. F.*

The Landlady Up-to-Date

THE widow who takes "table guests" or "gentlemen lodgers" is a fixed type in life, and in literature her troubles and her recollections of the better days before poor Henry died are a part of stock humor.

When my own husband died some years ago, leaving me to face existence in New York with a small capital from insurance, it seemed that I would have to join the innumerable caravan of landladies and move to the mysterious realm of old brownstone residences. I had no training or business ability, no calling, and but a small acquaintance.

But, after looking over conditions among the landladies, it seemed to me that theirs was the least promising branch of that business. There was too much competition, and the class of "clients" they got was not one that appreciated or could pay for exceptional service.

I learned that there is a constantly increasing demand in New York—and probably it is so in other cities—for furnished apartments of the better class. Residents who spend their summers at the seashore want these small suites in winter. Visiting merchants and other "transients" want them in summer. I began to cater to this demand by leasing a four-room apartment convenient to the theatres and shops for sixty dollars a month. I furnished it cheaply, but well, and within a month, by advertising, had sublet it at eighty dollars a month.

The furniture requirements in such a suite are not the same as those for a home. In fact, I put in little except plain necessities like chairs, tables, cheap dishes in the small "kitchenette" and cheap domestic rugs. But the beds and mattresses were of best quality, and little accessories like pictures overcame the lack of homelike knickknacks. Indeed, it is possible to half-furnish a small New York suite with Christmas cards and souvenir postals, and compete with the big hotels on suites at rates none of them can hope to meet.

This place has seldom been tenantless for more than a week. It brings me about fifteen dollars a month profit. I am seldom seen by the tenants. They never hear my recollections or woes, and I have my time entirely to myself. They attend to their own housekeeping duties, and I merely see that the linen is laundered and returned promptly.

From that beginning I have gone on carefully, adding other furnished suites, until now I have a half-dozen which bring me a very comfortable income. Repairs are a small item, and the only attention demanded by the whole "plant" is enough to keep the suites filled through advertising. Tenants send friends to me, and my ambition is to have, eventually, an entire building operating on the same plan, where everything will be under immediate supervision without the present inconvenience of running about to look after scattered apartments.

The chief factor in my success, I should say, has been attention to selecting suites in good neighborhoods, and keeping them up in a way that satisfies tenants who would not seek accommodations with the old-school landlady. —*E. M. C.*

The Loaded Fire Extinguishers

SEVERAL years ago I walked the streets of Chicago for two days with nothing to eat—my sole available assets being a return ticket, good until the following January, from the Windy City to Baltimore, Maryland. This was in May. I had gone West looking for a job.

When the last square meal I had eaten was forty hours, or more, a matter of history, I decided to sell my railroad ticket and buy a meal ticket, which was what I stood most in need of.

On my way uptown I ran across an old friend named Wells. I told him frankly my circumstances. Wells said, "I've got just about what you're looking for. Old Man Simpson over here has a fire extinguisher proposition that he is going to put on the market right away. He's looking for agents for all parts of the United States. Come with me. Maybe he can fix you up."

I went. Simpson had a fire extinguisher with a rocket attachment that he thought was the greatest thing ever in that line. Before I left he hired me to go as his agent to Maryland—wages twenty-five dollars per week and expenses. I didn't let on that I had a return ticket to Baltimore. He gave me two weeks' pay in advance—fifty dollars—and some thirty-odd dollars for railroad fare. That night I went uptown with eighty dollars and had a little time of my own before leaving "the burg." In the morning I started East with my samples.

In Maryland I put up at ——. Immediately I billed the whole county for a big demonstration with my fire extinguisher. I obtained all of the barrels and boxes in the neighborhood, sprinkled them with coal oil, and piled them up as high as a house.

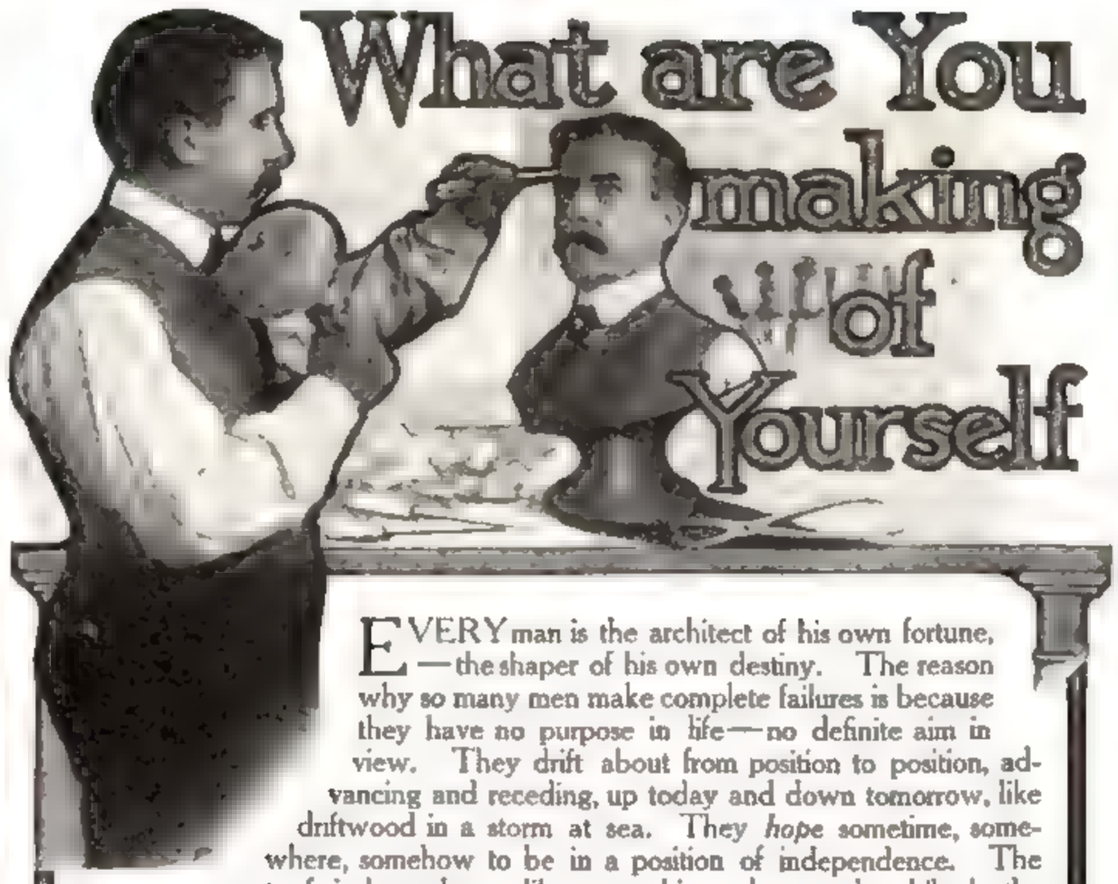
On the night of the demonstration all of the farmers for miles around gathered for the show. I noted a look of expectancy on the faces of many of them, but laid it to the celebration. I had hired two or three of them to help me work the extinguishers. These fellows touched off the pile when I gave the word.

It blazed like powder. And when we got those fire extinguishers in action I nearly fainted. The more we spouted the chemicals the bigger the fire grew. The farmers gave a Ha! Ha! that could have been heard in the next town. I smelled a rat in a jiffy. Some wag had poured kerosene in the extinguishers and passed the word around among the crowd.

Without waiting to protest I dashed over to the hotel with a couple of men and grabbed some of the extinguishers in my own room that had not been tampered with. Then the hand brigade started back for the blaze. In about two minutes we had that fiery heap a black pile of charred wood—the laugh was on the farmers, and they took the issue good-naturedly.

The story got in the papers and boomed business for me in a way I couldn't have done for myself, even if I had an advertising agency at command. Those fire extinguishers sold themselves.

Twenty-five years have passed, but I can still see those farmers grinning as we doused the fire with oil to put it out.—*L. E. C.*



What are You making of Yourself

EVERY man is the architect of his own fortune, —the shaper of his own destiny. The reason why so many men make complete failures is because they have no purpose in life—no definite aim in view. They drift about from position to position, advancing and receding, up today and down tomorrow, like driftwood in a storm at sea. They *hope* sometime, somewhere, somehow to be in a position of independence. The cost of independence like everything else worth while is the price of work, effort, ambition and *nerve*. Haphazard hacking and hewing can never result in anything worthy of the effort. There is a natural "bent" in every man's character. Find that "bent" in your character, follow it, and you will be successful in life. No artist ever put brush to canvas without a very definite idea of the picture he intended to paint. No sculptor ever took chisel in hand without a well defined purpose in view.

¶ *What are you making of yourself?* In your father's time the man who failed to get an education in his youth was handicapped for the rest of his life. That was before the day of the Correspondence School. *Now* all that you need to do to become master of a trade or profession of your own choice is merely to let us know your natural "bent" and let us develop it for you.

¶ Write today for our 200-page *FREE* handbook handsomely illustrated with diagrams, photographs and charts describing our 60 Engineering and Technical courses. There is no reason whatever, why any man of ordinary intelligence should continue to toil away day after day in an underpaid, menial position when such opportunities are open for the mere asking. This is your opportunity. Grasp it now.

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CHICAGO, ILL.

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and all skin troubles. "*A little higher in price perhaps than imitations, but a reason for it.*" Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Gerhard Mennen is the original. *Sample free.*

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RAISING THE BOY

The Boy Who Tries Things

WE HAVE a boy twenty-three years old who is very much of a boy and yet much of a man.

When he comes home he goes from the top of the house to the bottom to see if we have anything new, hunts the pantry for pie, and wants to know what we are going to have for dinner. Then he tells of the haps and mishaps of the week, and wants to know of his mother if she thinks he can make his overcoat go another season by relining the sleeves and putting on a new collar.

At sixteen he seemed to tire of his home and school, wanted to be with the boys on the street—anywhere but at home.

What to do and how to go at it was a great puzzle. Finally we saw that he liked music. We seized on the idea, gave him a term of piano lessons, got him in the Sunday-school choir. He was then attracted to the orchestra, borrowed a cornet, and we let him toot to his heart's content. He had no teacher, but learned rapidly. Soon he was invited to play in the village band. Wasn't he a happy boy when he donned the uniform and marched at the head of the procession on Memorial Day? And didn't we go to see the parade, for was not *our boy* a part of the show?

After he had graduated from the high school and had gone to college for two years he seemed to be indifferent to his studies, and we thought it best to put him to work until he could appreciate an education. The first of his hard-earned money was spent for a mandolin, then he bought a half-interest in a violin, and we now have an orchestra at home.

This Christmas he gave music as a present and received it as a present. He also was given tickets to hear the Messiah and Thomas' Orchestra. One can scarcely step into the parlor on Sunday for the music, but who cares for order? We have our boy home again!

After doing office work for three years he thought there was nothing more in it for him. Then he felt the need of a better preparation and resolved to go to school.

In the mean time his father's health had failed and the boy was left to his own resources. We had saved enough to carry him through one year at school away from home. When he left the office his chief said: "When you want work come back to us."

For three summers he has gone back to his old office. For two years he has managed a paper route in connection with his school work, rising at 4:30 A. M. and being outdoors till 7:30 P. M. He is in excellent health, and knows the worth of minutes and the value of a nickel. Music keeps him a boy, and work and responsibility make him a man. —*A. L. G.*

A Mother and Three Boys

HAVING been left a widow at twenty-eight with three boys, aged ten, four and one, I felt that raising them was my life work, and, as it was necessary for me also to provide shelter, food and clothes, the problem was a serious one. But "God helps those who help themselves," and I was soon in business, had the little home provided in a distant city, away from relatives and friends who through good intentions might interfere with my plans—I was fairly started on my undertaking.

My boys were not better than other boys, perhaps. No worse, but very lively, wide-awake, mischievous boys, each one as different from the others as human beings could be, and I had many anxious hours when away from them. I always put them on their honor and made the older ones responsible for the younger. I would impress upon their minds that wrongdoing, carelessness and idleness had their own sure penalty, and I would have to suffer for them even more than they.

I allowed them to have the other boys; entertained their friends as often as I could at my home.

My eldest boy was hot-headed, ambitious, very sensitive, quick in all things and the hardest to manage. When he did things I knew were wrong I would wait my opportunity to have a heart-to-heart talk with him, and would generally be able to convince him that there was nothing in these escapades but trouble and disgrace for us all. But he was built in such a way that he had to go up against everything once, just for the experience. Then when he had figured it out and saw it didn't pay, it lost its charm for him. At fourteen he decided that there was no use to go to school, and I could not persuade him that it was best for him to go. So I sent him to a farmer and told him to put him to work and pay him what he earned. He stayed on the farm until fall, when he came home healthy, grown several inches and ready for school. He made a splendid record the next two years in a special-training school, and has been a success so far. He makes friends, is manly, energetic, true, and to-day holds a high position of trust in a large Southern city.

My second boy, when about thirteen, was training some boys one day for football on a neighbor's lawn, when, realizing it was noon, he said he must go home and bake a pie, whereupon the boys all called him "sissy." Then he turned on them and gave each one a good licking. This boy at twenty-one has a responsible position as civil engineer for a traction syndicate, manages his nine men and makes contractors come to time; is quiet, honest, very firm, and is universally respected.

In their talk together the boys always say: "Mother always kept us nicely clothed, taught us self-respect and made us work, in school and out, and gave us a pleasant home with good literature and music." They look back on their home life as a good, wholesome memory. —*T. R. S.*

Working in the Garden

MY BOY is twelve years of age. I desire very much that he be a manly boy, and I believe I am succeeding. My plan has been evolved from two central ideas. First, making work a pleasure to him by making it *his* work. Second, by making success in all things desirable of attainment. Moneyed success has not been put first.

Each phase of my plan has branched in many directions. This is how a few of them have developed. Work is often irksome to the child because it lacks personal interest. Infuse that attraction and the question is solved.

My boy's training began when he was eight. Then I started to teach him to work. I have a garden plot, a strawberry patch and small fruit orchard. A certain portion of each is his. By an arrangement he has the proceeds from the sale of all fruits and vegetables he raises. By another agreement whatever part of his earnings he saves I put with it an equal sum, the whole to be kept to pay for his college education. He is free to spend as much as he likes, but he wants the college education, so he saves some each year. Occasionally I give him small sums to spend, being careful to know of and prevent extravagant tendencies. As a stimulus to his work, especially in his gardening, I vie with him to see who can produce the best and most abundant harvests. His mother enters the contests by being judge. The competitive feature adds to his zest. In four years the college education fund has increased to two hundred and sixty-seven dollars.

The "personal interest" feature has encouraged him, and he enjoys his work and he has learned to save.

He plays as much as he chooses, the only stipulation is that his work must be done first. This has taught him work first, play afterward. Each especially good effort of his elicits judicious praise and sometimes reward. An example: For attaining a certain proficiency in his studies and for punctuality at school last year I rewarded him with a set of boy's books.

One of my chief endeavors is to make him feel and understand that he is not so much my son as my *companion*. He accompanies me whenever it is practicable. At all times I try by reasoning, rather than by commanding, to impress him with the difference between right and wrong. He has learned from me the meaning of sex.

How has it worked out? He is an ordinary, lively, husky lad. He works and plays with a will. He saves part of his earnings. He has learned self-reliance and initiative. He has made a comrade and confidant of his father, and above all else, he is manly, truthful and honest.

—*H. J. R.*

One Hat that Stays New is as Good as Several New Hats.

The Mallory Cravenette Hat is not only the standard of approved style, but it is also the stay-new hat. Not merely because it is made of fine fur felt, but because the felt has been subjected to the Priestley Cravenetting process, which makes it rain-proof and sun-proof.

Derbies and soft hats, $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00.

Sold by the best hatters everywhere. In Greater New York and Philadelphia by John Wanamaker.

Send to Dept. S for our Free Booklet of Hat Style for 1908

E. A. Mallory & Sons, Inc.
Established 1823
13 Astor Place, cor. Broadway
New York
Factory Danbury, Conn.

THE Carbo Magnetic RAZOR

Hollow Ground as Illustrated	Double Concave for Extra Heavy Beards	Set of Two in Leather Case	Carbo Magnetic Strop
$2.50	$3.00	$5.50	$1.00

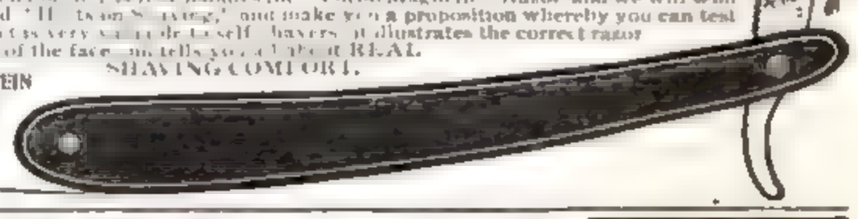
Strop Aide 25c.

No Honing—No Grinding
No More Razor Troubles
DOES YOUR RAZOR PULL?

If so, discard it and try a **"CARBO MAGNETIC,"** the Razor with the **"PULLING"** extracted. **"CARBO MAGNETIC"** Razors are unlike any you have ever used. They are made of the **MOST PERFECT STEEL PRODUCED IN ENGLAND,** and are **PERFECTLY TEMPERED** by **OUR EXCLUSIVE SECRET PROCESS OF ELECTRICITY.** It has taken **TWENTY YEARS** to perfect this method of **TEMPERING** and **PREPARING** the steel. These Razors **WILL HOLD AN EDGE INDEFINITELY,** and at last **SELF-SHAVING** has become **A PLEASURE.** No matter how many Razors you may possess, just **TRY a "CARBO MAGNETIC."**

Send us your dealer's name who handles the "Carbo Magnetic" Razor and we will send you a booklet entitled "How to Shave," and make you a proposition whereby you can test this Razor. The booklet is very interesting to shavers, illustrates the correct razor position for every part of the face, and tells you all about REAL SHAVING COMFORT.

Firm of A. L. STERNBERGER
443-444 Broadway
New York



The KING Air Rifle Healthful Exercise for your Boy and Perfectly Harmless

Compare its appearance with a man's rifle—it is just as "gun-like" and handsome; try it out in target practice—you'll find it accurate, let the boy bang it around (as boys will)—its sturdy strength withstands the hard knocks. It's the best air gun in the world. That's why. Black Walnut Stock, Nickeled Steel Barrel and Parts, Peep Sight. Shoots darts for indoor target pleasure. Brings manly, wholesome joy to your boy's heart and lots of out-in-the-air exercise. No danger—uses no powder but shoots by compressed air.

King 500 Shot, an Automatic Magazine Rifle, shoots B. B. Shot, $1.50
King Single Shot, $1.00; King Repeating, $1.25—shoot B. B. Shot and Darts

Sold by Hardware and Sporting Goods Dealers everywhere or delivered from factory anywhere in the U. S. on receipt of price. **Ask for our Free Book for Boys.**

THE MARKHAM AIR RIFLE CO., Largest Air Rifle Factory in the World, Plymouth, Mich., U.S.A.

Sense and Nonsense

Educational Bunco

A YEAR or two ago a prominent and wealthy educator went South on an educational mission and on a special train. There were numerous other educators on the train and they all had projects that needed the financial attention of the rich one.

But the rich one was canny. He did not allow himself to be caught, although the other educators, with projects which were distinctly meritorious, had bird-lime out in every direction.

One morning he went into the smoking-compartment of his car. Two men were there, conversing earnestly on high-browed topics. Inside of half a minute one of these men was on one side of the man of wealth and the other was on the other side. They talked on various topics. One of the men introduced the subject of the worthy educational project for which he stood sponsor. He explained it at length. The rich man was nervous, but it seemed impolite to leave in the middle of the discussion.

Finally the man who was doing the explaining said: "This is a magnificent opportunity to do good. If we had but $50,000—a mere bagatelle of $50,000—we could enlarge our scope so much that we would soon come to be foremost in our line in the country."

The man on the other side was much interested. He asked many questions. Then he said: "Well, I am not a rich man, but I will give $25,000 to this project."

"Thank you, brother," exclaimed the other man, "thank you. And now, I hope, our friend here will do as well. With this $50,000 we can do much."

The "friend" squirmed, but he was stuck. He subscribed $25,000 and paid it.

The other subscriber paid nothing. He never intended to. It was simply a little educational bunco.

The Speech that Made a President

MARTIN W. LITTLETON, of New York, the former Texan who spilled his eloquence over the St. Louis convention in 1904 that nominated Judge Parker for President, when he was placing Parker in nomination, went up to the White House with Representative Fitzgerald, of Brooklyn.

"Mr. President," said Fitzgerald, "I want to present to you the man who did more toward your election in 1904 than any other."

"Indeed," said the President, immediately interested. "How was that?"

"Why, he made the speech nominating Parker."

George W. as a Sucker

REPRESENTATIVE GOLDFOGLE, of New York, who comes from one of the congested East Side districts, had a party of constituents in the Capitol a few days ago, showing them around.

They came to the rotunda and Representative Goldfogle explained the series of historical pictures. "Now, here," he said, "is a picture showing Washington giving up his commission."

"Huh," said one of the visitors, "he must have been a sucker. What per cent. was his commission?"

The Square Circle and the Round

JUST before Congress declared war with Spain, Thomas B. Reed, who was against the whole business, walked one afternoon over to the Senate side of the Capitol and met Senator Carter, of Montana.

"Well, Carter," Reed said, "we are going to have war."

"Yes," Carter replied, "I do not see how it can be avoided."

They sat down on the stone steps and discussed the coming conflict. Reed was in a most sarcastic mood and riddled the arguments of the war party.

Finally Carter, who had been getting the worst of the argument, said: "Oh, well, what's the use of talking? Spain isn't fit to govern Cuba and should be chased off this side of the world. For one, I am against allowing any nation that fights bulls for a national pastime to govern any country near us."

"By George, Carter!" exclaimed Reed, "you have struck a keynote there. This country allows two men to fight at Carson City and elsewhere, and it is all natural and civilizing and elevating, but we cannot stand for a nation of effete Europe that fights bulls for a pastime remaining in possession of her own property."

The Power of the Press—Agent

This anecdote is told of Hamton Boothinstage, the witty
And very well-known actor now appearing in our city.
It seems that Mr. Boothinstage, famed for his repartee,
Was walking, all absorbed in thought, along the Great White Way.
When Snibbs, an old-time friend, stepped up and said: "How do you do?"
Quick as a wink he answered: "Why, it's Snibbsy! How are you?"
His season opens Monday night in Snitch's latest play—
Performance every evening and a bargain matinée.

"How perfectly grand!"
Says the gullible band.
"How lovely the Thespian's life!
How bright is his talk!
How different his walk!
How awful he is to his wife!"

Public! Public!
Give 'em what they'll take.
All we see is trumpery
And fake, fake, fake.

J. Smith, the genial author, is originally funny;
He told a friend the other day he simply wrote for money;
His favorite breakfast dish is eggs—a most peculiar thing—
The Sharpers have announced his newest book for early spring.
Another startling incident is told of Poet Jones:
He says he simply hates to have to talk through telephones;
He says he does his finest work at 5 o'clock A. M.—
His latest little volume—Cribner's imprint—is a gem.

"How lovely, indeed!
How absorbing to read
The wonderful things that they do!
Such modesty and
Such shyness! It's grand!
I simply love authors. Don't you?"

Public! Public!
Dope 'em till they're drunk.
All we see is trumpery
And bunk, bunk, bunk.

The famous tenor, Whoso, is a fascinating fellow;
He says he can't eat oranges unless their color's yellow.
In casual conversation he's sulphitically bright—
Remember: At the opera house a week from Tuesday night.
Bassclefski, whose resemblance has been noticed so to Liszt,
Is—oh, so interesting for a foreign pianist.
It's said of him he always drinks his bouillon with a spoon—
His second chamber concert is to-morrow afternoon.

"You're going, of course?
He's had a divorce!
I'm going to get a good start!
Come, hurry! Come on!
The seats'll be gone—
I'm perfectly nuts about Art!"

Public! Public!
That's the sort o' stuff
Every man's a charlatan—
Guff! Guff! Guff!

—*Franklin P. Adams.*

Any Old Amendment Would Do

REPRESENTATIVE MANN, of Illinois, served in the Illinois Legislature with a man from one of the back counties who was elected by a fluke.

He came to Mann one day and asked: "Who helps you draw your bills?"

"What kind of a bill do you wish drawn?" inquired Mann.

"I want a bill drawn amending section 1383 of the Illinois statutes."

"How do you wish to amend it?"

"Oh, I don't care. You see, when I was running, some of my constituents asked me if I was in favor of amending section 1383, and I allowed that I was."

Home-made Gas-Light for Country Houses

TAKES about one hour's work *per month*.

After that you merely turn a tap whenever you want light, touch a match to the burner, and, presto—*light*!

Yes, brilliant, beautiful, *white* light, too. A light that spreads all *around* the room like daylight.

A light that gives sparkle to every polished article it falls on; gleam and glisten to white table linen—and a genial, cheery glow to everything it illuminates.

Just like putting varnish over a faded picture—this *glorifying* Acetylene Light.

Now that isn't mere word-painting, I want you to know, but cold *fact*, which I'll prove up to your satisfaction or no pay.

* *

Wouldn't *you* like to get rid of the everlasting smell of Kerosene or Gasoline in your home?

Wouldn't *you* like to know that *never again* would you have filthy Kerosene Lamps to clean and fill, wicks to trim, chimneys to wipe and the permanent dread of fire?

Wouldn't *you* like to know that in every room you had a pretty brass fixture firmly attached to ceiling, or wall, where it *couldn't* be tipped over by the children—where it was never in the way, and was always *ready* to touch a match to when you wanted *light*—little or much?

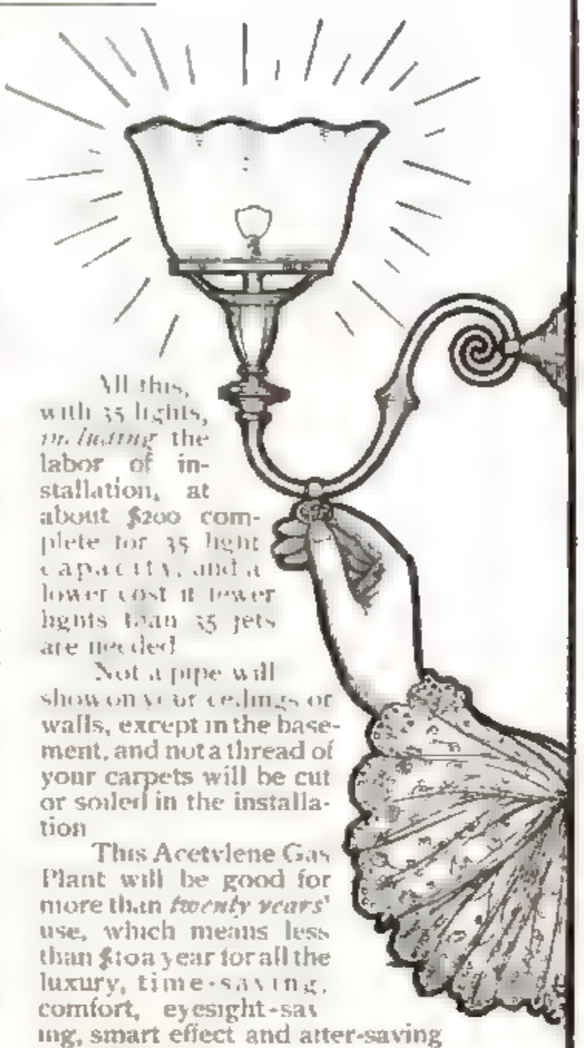
Wouldn't *you* glory in the absence of soot, smell or danger?

Wouldn't *you* like your visitors to find in your home that smart "city style" which Gas-lighting gives, with that beautiful, soft radiance shining down from the ceilings, where it does *not* get in your eyes like the glaring light of sooty, smelly Kerosene Table Lamps?

* *

Well, Madam Householder, you *can* have all these at *less cost* than *Kerosene* costs you now, when once installed.

In about two days' time an eight to ten room house can be completely fitted, from cellar to garret, with beautiful brass chandeliers and globes, complete piping, and a reliable Generator which is absolutely *safer* than any Kerosene Lamp or Gasoline Light.



All this, with 35 lights, *inflating* the labor of installation, at about $200 complete for 35 light capacity, and a lower cost if fewer lights than 35 jets are needed.

Not a pipe will show on your ceilings or walls, except in the basement, and not a thread of your carpets will be cut or soiled in the installation.

This Acetylene Gas Plant will be good for more than *twenty years'* use, which means less than $10 a year for all the luxury, time-saving, comfort, eyesight-saving, smart effect and after-saving on Kerosene.

From the day your *own* Acetylene Gas Plant is installed it will cost you *one-third* less for the most beautiful, softest and *whitest* Light than it ever did for the same candle-power with smoky, ill-smelling, dangerous Kerosene or Gasoline.

* *

Now just drop *me* a line to-day, stating how many rooms you've got, and *I'll* tell you just about how much it would cost to light them properly with this beautiful *white* light.

And, I'll send you "Sunlight-on-Tap," a book full of mighty interesting things about House, Store and Hotel Lighting.

Write me to-day, giving number of rooms and number of lights needed.

"Acetylene E. Jones,"
161 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

The ONLY Rims "Requiring "No Tools but the Hands" are GOOD YEAR
UNIVERSAL RIMS
Fitted with Goodyear DETACHABLE AUTO-TIRES
1.00 pm.
Off and on again in 60 seconds
On the road, anywhere, any time of day or night, you can change your Goodyear Detachable Auto-Tire on Goodyear Universal Rim in a minute's time. No tools but the hands. No burglars' jimmys needed. Just loosen one thumbscrew on the valve stem and it unlocks the removable flange rings and off comes the tire. Replace the flange rings and tighten the thumb nut again and the tire is on to stay. No strain which would not tear the wheel to pieces can get it off, till that one thumb nut is loosened again. We guarantee that Goodyear Detachable Tires on Goodyear Universal Rims can't Rim Cut. Other manufacturers won't replace Rim Cut tires. We do. Will be glad to explain "how" and "why" at our factory or branches.
1.01 pm.
1.02 pm.
Boston, 261 Dartmouth St.
New York, cor. Sixty-Fourth St. and Broadway
Chicago, 82-84 Michigan Ave.
Los Angeles, 932 S. Main St.
San Francisco, Geo. P. Moore & Co., 721 Golden Gate Ave.
Buffalo, 719 Main St.
Denver, 440 Sixteenth St.
Detroit, 246 Jefferson Ave.
Write a postal for our new 100-page booklet "How to Select an Automobile Tire." It's NOT a mere words. It's practical for you whether you design, operate our tires and rims or not.
The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Seneca St., Akron, Ohio

YOU'LL find in our clothes a distinction which nothing but correct style ideas, careful tailoring and honest all-wool fabrics can give. These Varsity models illustrate what we mean.

Our Spring Style Book is one of our most artistic; a new and striking cover in colors. Fully illustrated with clothing styles. Send six cents for it.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

Chicago Boston New York

THE DIARY OF DELIA

(Continued from Page 15)

kitchin bauld and brazen as if he belonged there, and there's a larf in his eye and on his bauld mouth too.

Now, if theres wan thing bad for spoonge cake it do be a sudden bang or noyse. Its bownd to mak the finest cake fall down. Sihnse is the rool wid all good cooks whin the cakes in the ooven. I throo wan look at me sponge cake and shure enuff the preshus stuff had fallen flat. Thin I rose and faced aboot on the impident, yung spalpeen standing there.

"Its plane to see," ses I, me hands on me hips "whare you hale frum. Its ashamed I am to acnolege you a coontryman of me own, and its lissons in foine manners ye mite be after taking," ses I, "from the foine cortsheeis yung gintleman wid hoom ye have the dayly honor of assoshyating."

"Is it the frog ater ye're maninn, Delia, deer?" ses he.

"Me name," ses I, "is Miss O'Malley, and its no time I'm after having for the loike of you." Wid that I picked up me chopping bowl and wint to wark upon the hash, a sartin loonch dispised by Mr. James whos after wanting stake wid avery meel.

Mr. Mulvaney guv a larfing look at the dure lately intercated by me, then he walked over to it keerlessly and shut it closed. Wid that I almost chopped me thoomb off in me rage. He cum over to the table and set upon it wid his foot a swinging. Then he laned tord me and whispered.

"Delia, darlint" ses he, "what wud ye be after giving me for a love letter?"

I sthopped me chopping, and guv him wan look of contimpt and scorn.

"Larry Mulvaney," ses I, "if ye're wanting to know the troo value of the artucle you minshun I'll tell you. Its a clout over the eer I'd be giving you for reword," ses I, and I chopped feercely.

"But suppose," ses he, leening a bit neerer; "that the litter was not for *you*."

At that I stopped me chopping.

"If its Minnie ye're swate on ——" But here he interrupted and took the paper from his coat and tossed it ap in the air.

"Its for Miss Wolley," ses he, "and its from Mr. Harry himself."

I guv such a joomp me chopping boal wint over, wid all me prishus hash on the flure, and that the last morsil of meet in the house for loonch.

"Mr. Mulvaney!" ses I, "do you mane it?"

He's very lofty and keerliss now, and, rising oop, ses hortily: "I'd like to see Miss Wolley if you plaze, *Miss O'Malley*," ses he wid emfasis.

"She's out," ses I. He moved tord the dure, me after him, and I cort him by his slave.

"Guv it to me, Larry!" I begged. "Its niver a chance the family will guv you to hand it to the puir child, and shure, if ye'll jest hand it to me, I'll slip it into her hand widout a sole in the house gessing the trooth."

But Mr. Mulvaney put the letter into his brist pocket. Then he crossed his arms, and stared at me.

"Delia," ses he, "tell me the truth. Are you swate on the Frinchman?"

"That's me personal affare, Mr. Moolvaney," ses I.

"Becorse, if ye are," ses he; "its only fare to let ye know he's meerely after ye're hard-airned savings. The Frinch are slick, but its a true hart ye're nading to leen upon."

"Larry Mulvaney," ses I "will you or will you not be after handing me the letter for Miss Claire?"

"On wan condition," ses he.

"Spake it," ses I.

"Guv me a kiss, darlint," ses he.

"I'll be dummed first," ses I wid indigation.

"Be dommed then," ses he. "But lissen, swatehart. Mr. Dudley do be sinding Mr. Harry aff to Yurope to-morrow marning airly. Its the long distunse cure the auld gintleman do be after expicting for the lad. Now, Mr. Harry has rote a litter of ixplanashuns to Miss Claire, appoynting an intervew. So, Delia, darlint, its oop to you. Shall Miss Claire have the litter or shall she not?"

"Mr. Mulvaney," ses I, "do you mane to say ye'd be holding back the litter from the puir, yung thing?"

"Oonless," ses he, "you guv me a kiss."

"Tak it then," ses I "and be doomed to you!"

Wid that he guv a joomp, saysed me about the waste and kissed me smack on the lips, and me riddy to sink into the airth for shame; for shure its the first time a lad do be giving me a kiss. He slipped the letter into me hand. Wid that I cam to me sinses and struck out wid me free hand. But Larry guv a larf at the smack I'm giving him, and ses he:

"Delia, darlint, that's nothing but a love smack. Goodbye, mavourneen, it'll be manny a day befure ye'll forgit the kissing I've given you."

Whin he was gon I looked about me kitchin, hardly knowing what I was seeing, wid the ixcipshun of the hash on the flure. Prisntly, I herd the family coming home, and I sneeked upstares, hoping to get the chance of saying Miss Claire alone. She was not wid the family on the porch. I stayed a minit to lissen to Mr. James reeding aloud from a litter in his hand:

"Deer Miss Wolley," he red; "me sun sales for Yurope, per S. S. Germanya, tomorrer morning at 7 and is accumpanied by Miss Una Robbins and her father."

Thin followed a few more wards in which the auld scallywag congrachulated the puir yung crachure upon her iscape from a young fellow hoos intinshuns were not seerius since he was all the time ingaged to another girl, and he begged to remane hers fathefully—S. Judd Dudley.

I left the family looking at aich other in silinse, and wint oop thray stips at a time to the child's room. I nocked saftly.

"Miss Claire!" I called.

I herd her sobbing inside, and I called agin. "Miss Claire, darlint!"

At that she called: "Go away Delia! Go away!"

"Miss Claire!" I called, wid me mouth to the kayhole. "For the love of God, open the dure."

After a moment I herd the key turn, and thin she opened it joost a crack or two. I throost in me hand and shuvved the letter in at the dure. I herd her guv a little, moofled scrame and thin she was sylint. I stole away down stares, and cryed in peece in me dish towel. Shure, I'd be giving the bauld lad a hoondred kisses more, ef he were to ask me again for thim joost now.

Next day. At 4 A. M. Miss Claire cum into me room. She's all dressed and she shuk me a bit and brung me me clothes. "Dress quickly, Delia," ses she, "I'm going to meet him."

"Mr. Harry?" ses I. She nods, her eyes shining both wid teers and smiles.

"Hurry!" ses she. "Its still dark, and I'm afrade to go doon stares alone."

I was into me clothes in a minit, and thegither, we wint down the back stares. We cum to the bastemint, and Miss Claire opened the back dure, and stud there waiting. There was not a bit of sun at the our, and, it getting tord the Fall, the air do be chilly. Ivery whare we looked there seemed to be oogly gray clouds in the sky, and the grass do be thick wid hevvy jew. But Miss Claire waited on, and watched the sky. "For," ses she, "he sed at sunrise."

After a bit I seen a speck of gold cum craping into the gray of the sky, and it grew a wee bit liter. Thin I seen Mr. Harry cum acrost the lon. Miss Claire seen him too and she wint out a step or two to meet him. Then he seen her and he cum running tord her, wid his arms hild wide out; and she started running tord him likewise, till they cum to aich other. And, thin, wid never a word, they were in aich other's arms, he toorning oop her face and looking at it. Thin soodently she put it down against his coat (just as I had dun wid that bold Larry), and she begun to cry saftly, joost as iff her hart was broken.

"Lassen, Claire, me darlint," ses he. "I love you! We love aich other. The world itself cannot divide us."

"But you're going away! You're going away!" ses she. "You're going away!" and then she looked up at him, and hild his arms tite as tho she wud not let him go.

"Only for a little wile," ses he "joost to consillerate dad. He thinks," ses he, smiling scornfully; "that I'm not in airnest, darlint. He offers to put me to the tist. He's guv me his word that he'll put no obsticle in me path if I'll be gone for 6 months. Darlint," ses he, "you kin wate that long for me. Otherwise, I don't see what we can do. I haven't a red cint, and we cuddent live on nothing."

Better Than Real Leather

And Sold for

One-Third The Price

This statement is the absolute truth as thousands of users have testified. You can't tell the difference between **Pantasote** leather and real leather. **Pantasote** leather can be used for every purpose for which real leather is adapted. **Pantasote** is durable, bright, odorless, easily cleaned, does not crack, is fireproof, waterproof, and wears better than most leathers and only costs one third as much.

Beware of Substitutions for Pantasote

The great demand for **Pantasote** has led to the substitution of many inferior imitations. To guard against fraud accept no furniture as covered with **Pantasote** for your dealer or upholsterer unless it bears our trade mark label shown below. Do not accept his "just as good" theory; insist upon **Pantasote**. On piece goods, see that the word "**Pantasote**" is embossed on selvedge edge. **Pantasote** was awarded the Grand Prize and two Gold Medals at St. Louis.

A Full Line of

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Leather Furniture

Is to be seen at our showrooms

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Have You a Chair that Needs Re-covering? We make it easy for a to test **Pantasote** by mail ... postpaid on receipt of ten ... Post Office money order or by registered letter ... we will not be responsible for money or stamps which may be lost in the mails. A sample 18 x 18 inches, 25 cents; 25 x 25 inches, 50 cents; 27 x 27 inches, 70 cents; and 36 x 36 inches, $1.00. Just the thing for chair seat, cushion or ... Send for beautiful book, "The Man in the Stage Coach" which ... tells all about **Pantasote** ... It gives ... example of the material, exactly ... the latest and most extensive line ... used furniture ... price ... last ... and it will ... postpaid. Address all communications to

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New York

A Beautiful Effect in Pantasote Leather Furniture

This Label on genuine Pantasote Furniture

Pantasote Leather

PANTASOTE TRADE MARK

Paint Economy

THE way *not* to estimate the economic value of paint is by the cost per gallon.

The correct way is to divide the total cost of paint and painting and of repainting in a given period by the number of years of service.

This gives you the average cost per year of the paint and painting.

Painters' time is far more expensive than the best paint you can buy—and a paint that will remain bright, clear and beautiful, without repainting, from two to three years longer than ordinary paint, is the paint that means *real* economy to you.

That is Lowe Brothers "*High Standard*" *Paint*—ready-for-the-brush. It not only lasts longer than ordinary paint but covers from 50 to 100 more square feet to the gallon.

"*High Standard*" *Liquid Paint Gives Best Results* because it is a combination of the best materials.

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But she still sobbed a bit against his coat, and she ses: "And Una Robbins is going, too. Is she—are you ingaged to her?" ses she.

"I'm ingaged to *you*," ses he, so vylently that she larfed a bit; and thin he tuk her hand and slipped a ring on wan of her fingers:

"Its a chape, little thing," ses he. "It was me mother's. When father gave it to her they was puir—puir as—er—Delia there—he a plane worker in a masheen shop, and she a cuntry teecher."

Then he kissed the finger wid the ring on, and they put there arms aboot aich other and clung a bit thegither.

"Goodbye, my love!" ses he.

"Goodbye, Harry!" ses she.

They separated for a sicond and wint away, aich from the uther. Thin they flew back to aich other and clung a bit again. And agin they seppyrated, and she run tord the bastemint dure wid her hand to her throte like she was choking. She roon down the stares, and I tuk her into me arms. She was shaking and trimbling like a child. Then we herd Mr. Harry's voyse: "Claire!" he called, and he cum down the stares.

"I cant do it" ses he. And again they clung. They broke away again, she pushing him along.

"Goodbye," ses she. "Now, go—before they cum," ses she. Then, when he was gone, she run up the stares and bolted the dure. I herd him at the other side, pooshing at it.

"Claire! Claire! Claire!" he called, and she inside: "Harry! Harry! Oh my love!" ses she. "Goodbye, goodbye!"

Ten days later. "Good marning, Delia" ses Mrs. Bangs (the widdy acrost the strate). "Is anny wan at home?"

"Oh, yes, mam," ses I, litting her in throo the fly dure. "Mr. John," ses I, "is after shaving his face, mam" ses I. "Will ye wait till he's throo?"

"Why, anny of the family will do" ses she, flushing.

"Ye'll find Mr. Wolley," ses I "in the stable. He's condernathe the ortermobile, as yushul. Mrs. Wolley is after taking her noonday syester, as Mr. James calls it, and Miss Claire is in her room. Mr. James has gone to town. Mr. Billy is hilping his daddy."

"I'll see Miss Wolley," ses she hortily.

I wint oop to tell Miss Claire. She looked a bit poot out.

"Where's John?" she asked at wanse.

"Shaving miss," ses I.

She wint down stares, and she and the widder kissed. I wint aboot me wark, doosting the dyning rume, and wiping up the parkay flure wid a greesy cloth, manewhile linding an eer to the illygunt convysashun of the widdy. She do be fond of the sownd of her own voyce, and she threated the puir yung crachure to sooch an indless strame of sinseliss gossip as iver I had the misforthune to lissen to befure. Puir Miss Claire sat wid her chin on her hand, pretinding to lissen but heering not a word of the widdy's discurse. After a bit the widdy seemed to tak notiss of her silinse.

"You seem a bit distray this marnin, deer," ses she.

Miss Claire set up.

"Oh, no, no," ses she. "I—I'm all rite, Mrs. Bangs."

The widder leened back and fanned hersilf keerlissly.

"So Harry Dudley has gone" ses she, wotching Miss Claire. "It was very suddin, I belave."

Miss Claire was all awake now, white and red in turn; but she sed nuthing.

"And Una Robbins is gone, too," ses the widder. Suddintly she closed up her fan sharply. "Do you no," ses she, "I want to say sumthing to you orful badly? But I feel I haven't the rite to—not being a mimber of your family."

Joost then Mr. John cum down, looking very spry and neet wid his new shaven face and hare frish brushed.

"Hello!" ses he, and shuk the widder's hands. "Are you going Claire?" ses he; for she was going tord the stares.

"If Mrs. Bangs will excuse me," ses she; "I'll finish the letter I was writing. I'll be back shortly."

Whin she was gone, Mr. John pulled up a chare and sat forrard looking at the widder who opened her fan again and was looking at the pichure on it.

"Mr. Wolley," ses she suddintly, "I'm afrade I've offinded your sister. Oh, deer," ses she; "I dont want to interfeer in the affares of this foolish and impracticul family, I'm shure," ses she. "If I only had the opporchunity I cud make both Claire and your brother Jimmy see the errow of their ways. Take Jimmy for instunse. He's like a prickly porkypine lately, riddy to scratch wun if wun dares to aven look at him. Look at the state of his lons! Why, the grarss is a mile hy and the weeds have all cum up in the carrage drives. Why, I cud tell him in a minit how to rid the drives of weeds. Salt—salt's the thing! Jest spred it on the drives. It'll kill the weeds at wunse. But, ah deer me!" ses she, sighing hevily; "I've not the rite to advise Jimmy or cunsole Claire."

"And why have you not?" ses Mr. John calmly, tho I seen him move his fingers about in the nerviss way he has.

"Why have I not the rite?" repeets the widder, opening her eyes innersintly. "Becos I'm not wan of the family," ses she

Mr. John got up, tuk a cupple of nerviss walks across the room, and thin soodntly wint back to the widder. He set himsilf doon on the arm of her chare and laned over her. She didn't boodge an inch, tho I seen her get red oonder the look he guv her.

"Jane," ses he, "*be* wan of the family"

"Good grashis!" ses she, laning back so her neck nachully fitted in the coorve of his arm. "Are you *proposing* to me, Mr. Wolley?" ses she.

"Yes, Jane" ses he. "I'm orfully in love wid you."

Wid that she tilted back her hed, guv him a long look, then delibritly orferred him her lips.

"Hilp yersilf, John" ses she. "I'm yours."

She's larfing while she spakes, but she's cryin a bit jist like ivery other woman.

Mr. John who is a fare-sized gintleman slipped down from the arm of the chare to the seet beside her. The widder is pretty ploomp hersilf and they squazed up closely thegither, laning aginst aich other and spooning like yung fokes, he being thirty if he's a day, and she a widder.

"Now that I've got the rite to interfeer," ses she after a moment, "I'm going to do it wid a vinginse. Hold on a bit" ses she, pooshing him aff from her, "Now, lissen to sense, John Wolley. Go upstares and tell Claire I want to spake to her."

"Spake to her tomorrow," ses he.

"No," ses she, shaking her hed desidedly. "John" ses she, "you an I have a whole life yet to spind thegither. I kin spare you for a little wile. I came today upon a partikuler errant. I had sumthing to say to Claire; but first it was necissery for me to have the rite to say it. The proposal and—ah—acciptunse was a meer dyagrisshun, and wile I confiss to a shameliss weekniss for your shtyle of wooing, darlint, yit I'm not to be swurved from the objick of me misshun. There! Go and get Claire; and, whin I'm throo wid her, cum back," ses she.

Finully, wid more airging, she injooced the puir lover to go after his sister, and, whin he's brort Miss Claire back, she waves her hands airily and ses: "Begone! I want to spake to your sister aloan."

Whin they were aloan she farely beamed upon Miss Claire, and then: "And now to resoom, deer," ses she. "I was about to say sumthing to you whin your brother interripted."

"Mrs. Bangs," ses Miss Claire, wid agytashun, "*plase* dont—dont talk to me aboot ——"

"Harry?" ses the widder, wid her eyes raysed up. "Why, me deer" ses she, "who has a better rite to talk to you about your luvver than yure sister, deer?" ses she swately.

"My ——" began Miss Claire, and stared at her wid round eyes. Suddintly, she saised hauld of the widder's hand and ses she, wid exsitemint: "You dont mane ——"

The widder nodded, the teers cuming into her eyes.

"But—but he's a confirmed old bacheller," ses Miss Claire.

"Is he?" ses the widder. "Well, all good things cum to an end. However, John and I are beside the quistion. I merely told you as an excuse for saming to pry into your sacred affares. Give me a kiss now, and poar out your hart and sole into me sympythetic eers."

Then they kissed, and the widder pushed Miss Claire into a chare, and set down hersilf. Befure the girl can spake she ses crossly: "Now, will you tell me why you were such a little goose as to let Harry Dudley slip throo your fingers? My deer,"

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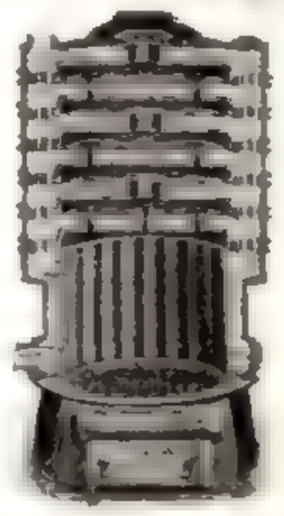

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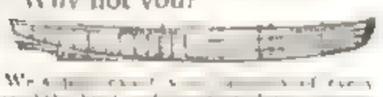

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see she, interrupting Miss Claire as she started in to spake, "The boy was mad—clane daft about you. Now, answer me this, you notty girl, why didn't you take him?"

"I did—that is ——" began Miss Claire, whin the widder grabbed her hand and looked at the ring.

"Aha!" ses she, "cort you thin, didn't I? Now," ses she; "whare were your sinses under the sarcumstunses when you let him go away at wanse—and of all things in the warld wid Una Robbins?"

"*Wid* her!" ses Miss Claire.

"Yes. It was an artful move of old S. Judd and her father. My deer, Una is the most rickluss flurt this side of heven. Why, its only thray yeers ago she was ingaged to Harry. They luvved for a moonth, and broak the ingagemint a day later. Dont look so hurt. They weren't achully in love—jest playing. Now, Una has had her own way with men ivver sinse she wore long drisses. Thin the Wolley family moved out to the Poynt. There was a sartin rood and surly mimber of this crazy family wid a constitooshinul dishke for magnuts and there dorters. Miss Una chose to be intrusted in him, of all men. To her surprise her advanses were reboofed. She achully disinded to pursooing him, as you no, and finully, in despurashun—as I larned from her own lips—she sank so low as to insinnyvate to the loonytick that she *luved* him!"

"O!" ses Miss Claire. "You meen our Jimmy."

"The terrible Jimmy!" ses the widder, nodding.

"She *told* him ——"

"As good as told him."

"And he ——?"

"He! Ye gods in hiven!" ses the widdy, throwing up her hands. "He cuvvered up his eers wid his fingys, guv a look of commingled horrow and dispare, and *ran auay from her*. The following nite," wint on the widder; "Mr. S. Judd Dudley called to see her papa, and, the marning after that, Miss Una was packed bag and baggage off to Yurope. Now, lissen to me words of wisdim and expeerinse. If those 2 sore, yung indivijools dont cum to sum aintimintul oonderstanding on this voyage out to Yurope, thin my name is not Jane Bangs and—will niver be Jane Wolley."

Miss Claire sed never a word, but she looked at the widder beseechingly.

"To begin wid," ses the widder; 'its all your brother John's folt. Ef he'd proposed to me a moonth ago I cud have ingineered the hole affare happily for this family. As it is now," ses she; "ye've acted like a little fool, and Harry like a big wan. Sakes alive!" ses she. "Why didn't you *make* him stay at home? You had him at the aycological moment," ses she. "Do you suppose I'd have let John Wolley sale away at sooch a time? Not by a long chop. Una is sore—broosed—hart sick—hurt clane throo and throo. She's desprut. A girl in that condishun has but one resoarce—matrimunney—wid anuther fellow. Now, Harry ——"

"Oh!" ses Miss Claire. "Plase Mrs. Bangs dont say annything to me about him. I *know* he loves me oanly."

She cuvvered her face wid her hands convoolsively, and me shtopping in me wark in the dining room lissening by the dure, and reddy to bat the interfeering widder on the hed wid me dooster. But fur the sake of pace I hild mesilf in.

"Now, me deer," ses the widder; "you must counteract at wanse the avil of this long oshun voyuge. You must follow the pair at wanse to Yurope."

"I? Oh Mrs. Bangs, indade, we aren't rich people. We cudden't afford it" ses Miss Claire. "And besides, Jimmie may cross in the Fall. He's been offered the London corryspundint's post for The Planut."

"He'd better accipt at wanse," ses the widder promptly. "As for you ——"

Just thin in walked Mr. John and brort an ind to the paneful interfoo.

The widder found hersilf aloan wid the antumintul gintleman looking at her very tinderly.

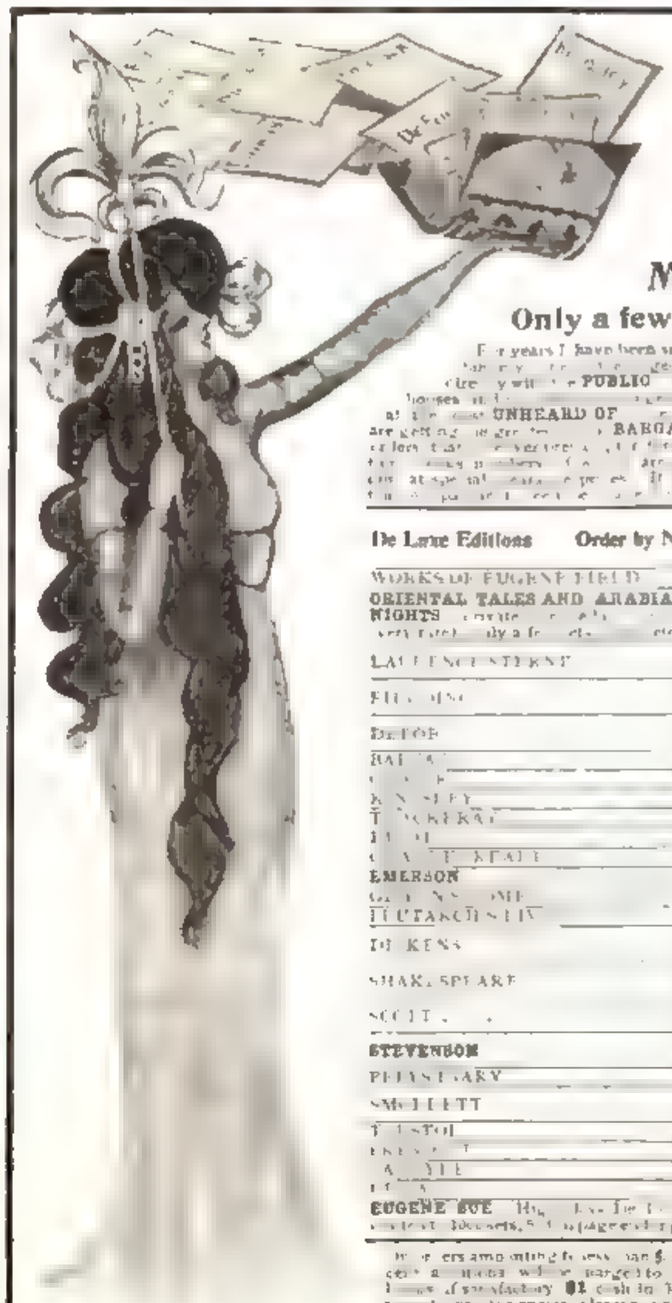
Her own face is poockered oop wid exasperashun at the way things wus.

"John Wolley!" ses she; "I feel like shaking you."

"What have I dun, Jane?" ses he reproatchfully.

"Why dident you propose to me a munth ago?" ses she crossly.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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The Cave Man

(Continued from Page 11)

thing can't happen with Minot's gear. Or if it does, it's a bull on Minot."

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Billy was not slow to see the purpose of such joviality. "As a fellow-motorist in distress," he said, "I shake your hand. But as regards Minot, I have doubts. I want to know just what you are doing to him."

"Does that fall within your bailiwick?" Penrhyn inquired.

"It does!" Billy answered firmly. "As a member of this committee I am morally responsible for what it does. If you are acting illegally, it is my right—my duty—to protest. I demand that the whole thing be put down on the records of our meetings in black and white—to be produced, if necessary, in a court of law."

Penrhyn was startled, but, in a moment, he said in his customary tones: "Did Wistar ever say 'by your leave' to us?"

"No," said Billy, nonplused for a moment. Then he added quickly: "But Wistar was our authorized manager!"

"Precisely!" said Penrhyn. "But he is out of the game, and it was to authorize his successor that this meeting was called. I propose that we do so."

"I second the motion," said Smith.

"But that means reversing his whole policy! And you promised to stand by him!"

"As long as he could get about and do business, we stood by him. But now we have to proceed without him, according to the best of our comparatively feeble ability."

Billy jumped to his feet. "This is a matter of vital importance, and you decide it without warning, without discussion. I demand that we wait until Wistar can be with us."

"When you've been in business longer," Penrhyn said coolly, "you'll know that important matters don't wait."

"Important matters wait for important men! You know, better than any one, why Wistar is not here. You broke the fair rules of the game at the risk of his life, and now you are breaking the law at the risk of his honor, and to the loss of your own!"

Penrhyn turned to Sears. "Mr. Chairman," he said, "a motion has been made and seconded. I call for the question."

Sears was obviously uncomfortable. "I promised," he said, "to use my influence to wait for Wistar."

"Pardon me," said Penrhyn, "if I insist on a point of order. As chairman you have no influence. It is your duty to put the question."

The old man did not answer.

"I vote yes," said Smith.

"I vote no!" cried Billy.

"I vote yes," said Penrhyn, and looked at the chairman.

Sears remained silent.

"The question is carried," Penrhyn concluded.

Billy strode into the middle of the floor. "Let me warn you!" he cried. "Wistar is a sick man. He lies on his back, with a gash in his side that throbs at every pulse—tortures him if he so much as lifts his head. But he is not dead yet—and he's not the dying kind! When he is well he will be well as ever. And he will fight—you know how he fights—like a wildcat——"

"I'm in the wildcat business myself," said Penrhyn with a slow smile.

"Yes," Onderdonk cried, "but the sort of wildcat that fights in the dark! Wistar fights in the open, and he will drag you there, show you up as you are in the light of Wall Street! You have jumped into his boots. Stay there if you dare! The time will come——" Billy was very angry and the words choked in his throat.

There was a knock without, and Mrs. Boyser came in.

Penrhyn did not heed, but smiled again at the young man with indulgent cynicism, and said: "The time *has* come."

"Mr. Wistar has come!" said Boyser.

"What!" cried Penrhyn, his self-assurance falling from him like a garment. "You are crazy! He's flat on his back, half dead!"

"Sure, at the sight of him," she answered, "I thought he was all dead. It's his own ghost that he is."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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The Coming Parliament of Man

(Continued from Page 6)

side, he would have found no difficulty in arranging peace with President Steyn or any special mediator whom President Kruger had cared to nominate. Lord Pauncefote, just before his death, expressed to me his bitter regret that he had not been intrusted with this task, and when I visited South Africa I found ample confirmation of the soundness of his judgment that such special mediation would have averted war. In the more recent war between Russia and Japan the case is even stronger. That war broke out simply because nothing could convince the Czar that, unless he hurried up and concluded the arrangement he was prepared to make, the Japanese would begin hostilities. If Japan had appointed England, and Russia appointed France, as special mediators, the truth would have been made manifest, and, as the Czar was absolutely determined not to fight, a settlement would have been arrived at without difficulty.

Article VIII is not the only practical suggestion made by The Hague Conference for the avoiding of war. Article IX, which suggests the appointment of a Commission of Inquiry to examine the facts in dispute, was the means by which war was averted between England and Russia in the case of the Dogger Bank incident, when the sinking of some British fishing-boats by a nervous Russian commander nearly occasioned a breach of the peace. The value of Article IX was impaired by limiting it to cases which did not affect honor or vital interests—a limitation which England and Russia wisely agreed to ignore. As disputants are not bound to accept the report of the Commission of Inquiry, this limitation was unnecessary. I strongly protested against it at the time, but M. Beldiman, the Roumanian delegate, was obdurate, and the article was passed in its present form.

Attacking International Credit

At the coming conference it is hoped that Articles VIII and IX may be made obligatory. By this is meant the acceptance by all the powers (1) of the obligation to invoke Articles VIII or IX, and (2) if any of their number should violate its pledge and resort to arms, without appealing either to special mediators or a Commission of Inquiry, such a defaulter should be denied the right to raise loans in a neutral market, and all goods imported into its territory should be declared contraband of war. It is the simple, natural and obvious corollary of the Anglo-American proposal to declare a resort to war, without an appeal to the pacific expedients of The Hague Convention, an outrage on civilization constituting the offender an enemy of the human race. It is the enforcement of the major excommunication by an international boycott.

There is yet another test of the sincerity of those nations which join the Anglo-American Peace League, and that is the adoption of the principle of compulsory arbitration in matters which do not affect honor and vital national interests. This was brought before The Hague Conference of 1899 by Russia, and agreed to by almost all the powers except Germany, which made the rejection of this article the condition of her assent to the establishment of a Tribunal of International Arbitration.

I come now to the last and not the least important proposal, which has the hearty approval of the Prime Minister of Great Britain, namely, that the governments which form the League of Peace should recognize it as one of the duties of the executive government of every civilized state actively to promote good feeling between their subjects and those of other powers, instead of leaving this task to be undertaken by societies and individuals. This can be done in many ways, as, for instance, by supplying the public with accurate information as to the cost of wars and the comparative costlessness of arbitration, by keeping the public constantly reminded of the occasions in which passion and pride have hurried them into wars subsequently discovered to be unnecessary or worse; by affording prompt refutation of the falsehoods by which popular feeling is often inflamed, and by encouraging and stimulating friends of peace to exert themselves in actively combating those influences which make for war.

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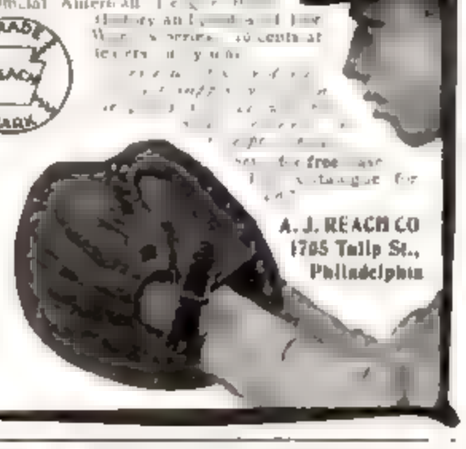

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Another class of measures that should be applied is that which tends to the promotion of international hospitality, so that the nations may learn to know each other as friends. To this class belong the measures necessary for facilitating the passage of the frontier by visitors who, at present, instead of being welcomed as guests, are put under surveillance as hostile intruders. Everything that tends to strengthen the growth of internationalism, that encourages a fraternal sentiment among the nations, instead of being left, as at present, to the chance mercies of individuals, should be taken in hand by a permanent Department of Peace and Fraternity attached to each Foreign Office, functioning with the authority and supplied with funds by the state. At present nations spend hundreds of millions in preserving peace by preparing for war. It is proposed that in future they should spend a tenth of a cent of every dollar spent on their army and navy in preventive measures calculated to remove the causes which menace peace. By all means keep up the powder magazine, if you must, but, in the name of common-sense, do not grudge the few cents needed to provide a handy bucket of water with which to extinguish the lighted matches which fools and knaves are perpetually flinging on the floor.

We have, therefore, this simple, practical, clearly-outlined program to submit to the Parliament of Man:

1. An international declaration denouncing as an enemy of the human race any power that makes war without first invoking special mediation (Article VIII) or a Commission of Inquiry (Article IX).

2. An international declaration making Articles VIII and IX obligatory and enforcing that obligation by subjecting the defaulter to an international boycott, which would close against him the money-markets of the world, and convert all his imports *ipso facto* into contraband of war.

3. Obligatory arbitration for all questions of minor importance which do not affect national honor or vital interests.

4. Acceptance by the governments of the duty of making active propaganda in favor of peace and brotherhood among their subjects, of promoting international hospitality, and of forwarding by all direct and indirect means the growth of internationalism.

5. A peace budget to supply the Peace Department of each power with funds based upon an appropriation of decimal one per cent., or of one dollar in every thousand, of the money annually voted for the army and the navy.

6. A full international discussion at the conference of the question of an arrest of the growth of armaments, with a view to their future progressive reduction.

This program, it is evident, is one which will need to be presented to the Parliament of Man in no half-hearted spirit. It will not do to submit the suggestions for a great International Pact of Peace to the representatives of the whole human race by mere experts of international law or the old war-horses of an outworn diplomacy.

For this reason Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is being strongly urged to proceed to The Hague as the first British Commissioner. If he decides to go—and he is now considering the question, resolved that he will let nothing stand in the way of securing the success of the League of Peace—it is earnestly hoped that the United States will be able to spare Mr. Secretary Root for a season in order that he may represent America at The Hague.

What is wanted is a method by which the popular desire for a reduction of armaments and a settled season of peace can translate itself into some articulate, visible manifestation. To supply this, it is suggested that a great international demonstration in favor of the League of Peace should take the shape of a representative pilgrimage of peace, which, starting from America, should proceed from capital to capital of the older world, gathering fresh representatives in every country through which it passes, until at last it makes its way to The Hague, there to present the prayer of the peoples. The appearance in any capital of so influential a body of the friends of peace and fraternity in other nations would arouse in the popular masses an outburst of enthusiasm.

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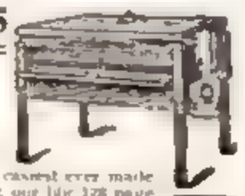

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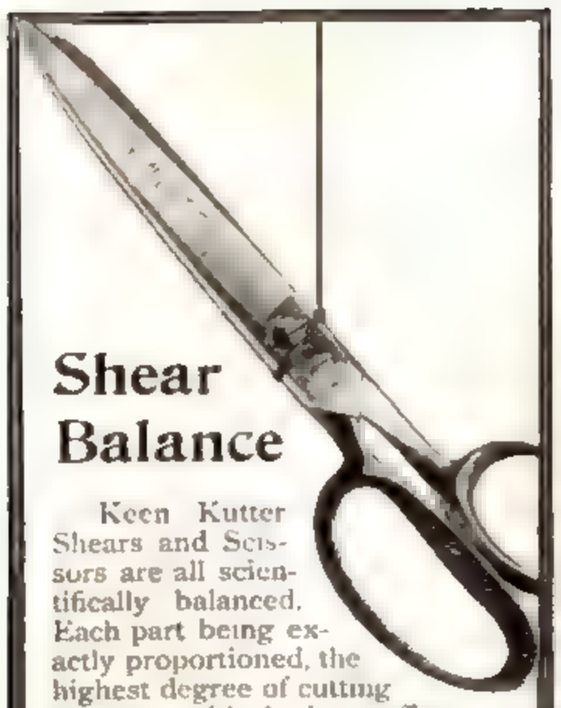

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The Time-Lock

(Continued from Page 9)

She walked straight over to the face of the great vault door, taking out a slip of paper as she went. I could hear the muffled click of the metal as she turned and spun and adjusted the polished nickel dials of the permutation locks.

Then she wheeled to me with a sudden start:

"Look back, quick, and see if everything is safe!"

I slipped into the other room and then on to the hall-door, listening. It was well I did so!

Quickly I darted back to her, with a little cry of alarm, to warn her in time.

For, out of the distance, somewhere, I had once more heard the sound of approaching footsteps.

I caught only a glimpse of the startled woman as she disappeared into the vault. I saw the great door swing to behind her. But there was no time to explain. I swept the room with one frenzied look, caught up my telltale suit-case and sprang for the window with the drawn curtains.

I found myself in a veritable cage—there was just room for my body between the massive iron bars of the bulging window-grating and the two sashes themselves. Once outside, with the window closed again, I stood there waiting, listening, feeling that the worst had happened.

I looked aimlessly and despairingly about me as I waited. My window overhung an inner quadrangle of office buildings. Here and there a lighted window opposite me showed where some sedentary worker still toiled over his books. Above me I could see a star or two, cold and hard in the high square of sky. Angling on a wooden block, studded with insulators, just above my head, at the upper right-hand corner of the window, ran the wires of some power or light circuit. Then I noticed nothing more, for my attention went back to the room within.

The steps had drawn nearer. I could hear them loud and clear now on the polished floor, then low and muffled on the office rug. Then came the snap of a switch as the drop-light on the rosewood desk was turned on; then, again, the firm, quick steps as they crossed and recrossed the rug, the whine of a chair-castor, the meditative and preoccupied thrumming of finger-ends on a desk-edge. Then came the rattle of a ring of keys, the thud of an open desk. Sifting through the crack between the window-sashes I could sniff the mellow fragrance of cigar-smoke.

It could be no one else than the girl's own father. What she had most dreaded had actually taken place.

Then I listened again, for once more I could hear the heavy footsteps crossing the room. Then came silence, and again the sound of an opening door. A still longer pause was broken by the sound of the footsteps again and the sudden shrill of a telephone-bell. Then came the quick, guttural call for a number I could not overhear.

"Is that you, Everson?" at last sounded the voice at the 'phone. "This is MacVickar speaking, from the office—MacVickar. Can you tell me just why Number Three was left with the combination off?—What?—I say it was *closed*, but not *locked*—yes, Number Three—never mind, now.—No; report to me in the morning at ten.—That's useless; that would do no good.—No, it's folly coming down.—I say I've set it already.—Can't you hear me?—I say *I've set the time-lock myself!*"

VIII

MY FIRST impulse was to spring through the window, pane and all. That, I realized on more sober second thoughts, would only be taking foolish risks. But there was not a moment, not a second, to be lost. The man in the room before me had locked and imprisoned his own daughter in an air-tight vault, had hermetically sealed her in a chamber of steel and concrete that could be nothing but her death-chamber before even one inch of that hardened metal could be chiseled away. If the words he had just spoken were true, that imprisoning vault, once held shut with its great chronometer locks, could hold out all New York until the time appointed for its release. Until those relentless wheels, as implacable and slow as Fate itself, had turned their predestined number of revolutions, until the predetermined number of

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hours had ticked and dragged and measured themselves out, no power of Heaven or earth, no agency, either illicit or legitimate, could throw open that great steel door.

Then across the foreground of bewildered consciousness flashed a sudden thought. It came and went like a glint of lightning. But it was enough, for it had brought with it, like the detonation after the stroke itself, a hollow and far-off echo of hope. It caused me to fling up the window-sash, without hesitation now, and leap into the room. I was over the startled banker, as he leaned beside an open drawer, even before he could stand upright.

He gasped, looking at me as though I had been an apparition. It was only for a moment that my descent stung him into helplessness. He wheeled about with one loud shout for the watchman. Then I caught his hand as it darted out to a drawer in front of him. I knew that drawer held a revolver.

"What's this mean?" he cried, struggling to get as far as an electric alarm-button behind the desk.

"It means you've just locked a woman in that vault!" I cried, tearing him back from his desk.

"Who are you?" he cried again vacuously.

"Quick!" I gasped, knocking his hand aside as it went out to catch up the telephone-receiver, "or it'll be too late!"

He thought he was face to face with a madman.

"The vault!" I cried. "You've locked it!"

"I did!" he answered, struggling.

"Then you've trapped and locked a woman inside it! You're suffocating a woman to death—and *she's your own daughter!*"

"You're a fool!" he gasped. "You're crazy!" He still struggled to get to the telephone.

I held him back, despairing. Then I saw my salvation.

"Look!" I cried. My eye had caught sight of the silver fox throw-scarf. "Who's furs are those?"

Beside them lay the gold-initialed hand-bag. "And whose pocketbook is that—quick?" I demanded insanely. No wonder he thought me a madman.

He leaped for them and caught them up with staring eyes.

"Alice's! My daughter's! Here!"

"Quick, man, don't waste time!" I warned him.

"What d'you mean by saying—— What's she in this building for?"

He was tearing at the door by this time.

"I don't know—I can't argue about it now—she's *there*, and that's enough! She's in that vault, and in half an hour, I tell you, she'll be as dead as a canned sardine if you don't come to your senses and listen to me!"

"You're crazy—you're a madman!" was all he said.

"Do you or do you not want to save that woman's life?"

I was desperate now, for I had already roughly computed the air-space in that hermetically sealed death-trap, and realized that after thirty minutes, perhaps even less, nothing could save the woman. I could even imagine that death—the fighting and panting for breath, the gradual suffocation and collapse, the terror and agony of it all.

"Is it money you want?"

My look of scorn must have convinced him. I had decided to knock him down in one more minute and go on with my work in my own way as he lay there.

"No one could get into that vault!" he insisted.

"She knew the combination, I tell you. She'd often heard you talking it over. She got your key duplicates. She stood in the inside chamber when you closed the door. Good Heavens, there are your own key duplicates."

"But why, man, *why?*"

"Get her out of there before she's dead and she'll be able to tell you!"

"Why isn't this some crook's game to get into that vault? How do I know you're not lying?"

"You found that door open—couldn't I have *been in* if that's what I was after?" I thrust my Colt into his hand; I was getting desperate.

"Here, shoot me through if the girl's not in that safe! What more do you want? And I tell you again every second you wait you're bringing her nearer death—you're

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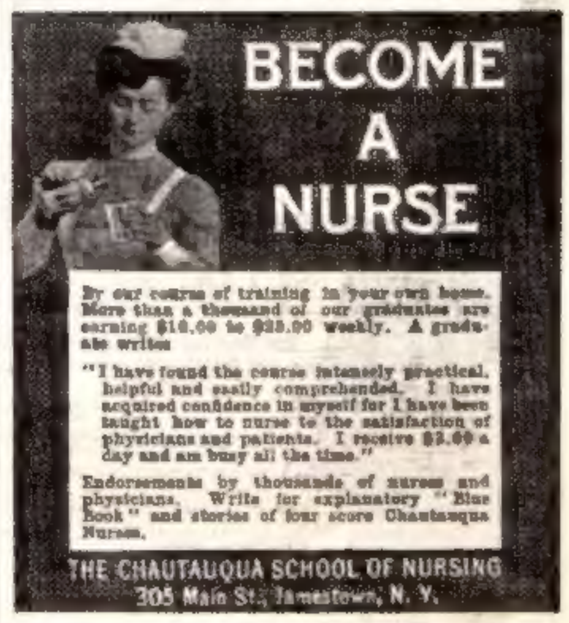

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I wheeled and peered at the door. My plan was already plain to my own mind. The door was of the "stepped edge" type, with tenon and groove to resist both wedges and explosives. Then I sprang for my suit-case.

"Wait!" gasped the banker. He swung round to the great safe-door and knocked on it with the butt of the gun. Then he listened, his face chalk-colored.

Faintly, from within, came the sound of an answering tap. The sweat beaded the man's face.

"This is awful—this is incredible—it's ——"

I was busy lifting out the Outfit—the Outfit I had been cursing for three long hours.

"But what are we going to do? That time-lock is set! It's too late! Nothing but a ton of dynamite could open that vault!"

I knew he would wake up in time. I was too busy to console him: I let him do the worrying from that second forward.

"What are we going to do?" he repeated weakly.

"Listen!" I cried out to him as I plunged feverishly into my work. "This is our only hope—our only chance. Two days ago I submitted a process—my own particular process—to the engineers of the Harahan Building. They'd driven interlocking steel piles down through the clay to the rock."

"Yes—yes, go on!"

"The face of that bed-rock was uneven and these interlocked girders had to be cut off level. I got a plan for burning those steel piles off—burning 'em off with electricity. I found that by tapping one of the street mains and reducing the power with a transformer, bringing it down to a voltage of about fifty, and an amperage of about five hundred—it was an alternating current, remember—I could burn and fuse away each girder, between the two poles, in eight minutes' time; I could cut 'em off as clean as a cross-cut saws a log."

"But what's that to us?" cried the frenzied man.

"It's this—there, at that window, thank merciful Heaven, we have a power wire, a live power wire, man—the very wire we need! I've here an emergency kit—this 'step-down' transformer will tame and regulate that current I'm going to tap, will make it our salve. This end of the wire, see, I'm attaching to the safe hinge. At the end of the other—here, quick, get a fire-axe and knock that letter-press loose—I've got to have the cast-iron plate out of it for a shield! Quick, man, quick!"

He did as I ordered dazedly.

"This other wire," I rattled madly on, "will end in an electrode—so. The moment the power's on—and two minutes now will do it—it will be applied to the safe-door somewhere here above the lock apparatus. Then that current is going to eat and gnaw and burrow and corrode its way through.

"Hand me that emergency switch! I'd say the body of that vault must be interlapped with gypsum or silicate or asbestos for the sake of the fire-proofing. That'll keep the heat purely local. So, in half an hour, in less, even, we'll have that lock burned away and the door open!"

I snatched up my lineman's gloves and pliers as the man spoke again.

"But that safe's burglar-proof! It's hopeless! The door is impregnable! It's made of the hardest drill-proof chromium steel!"

I laughed down at him deliriously as I worked.

"Burglar-proof! No safe was ever built that the right burglar couldn't get into if he worked the right way! Burglar-proof? Pooh! And you say it's drill-proof—that it's the hardest of chromium steel? Good—for the harder that steel the easier we'll make it fuse!"

He followed me blankly as I leaped back into the room. He watched me, each move I made, stumbling back, every minute or two, to tap reassuringly on the great steel door, giving vent to a relieved gasp at the answering knock. He brought me his fur motor-coat and goggles, at my order, while I worked over the transformer. He pounded out a tin letter-box for a second and wider body-shield against the heat glare. I'd already quietly cut out his telephone connection on the pretext of needing the wire.

Then I was ready. And it had taken me considerably less time than it would take to describe it.

I clapped on the goggles and pulled on the thick fur coat, protecting and shielding my face and body as best I could with the letter-press plate. Then I faced the great door and snapped shut my emergency switch.

There was a blinding flash, a leap and hiss of flame, and the smell of scorched paint, of burning enamel, filled the room.

A little area of dark rose appeared in the gray-black of the scorched steel. It deepened and brightened to a dull glow, to a cherry glow. Across the entire face of the door it spread and ran like a living gulf of fire. It grew paler and brighter, wider and fiercer. I stood there dripping, choked with the fumes of burning fur, as the fire mounted to a blinding incandescence. I could feel my shield growing warmer and warmer. I could see the sleeve of my coat begin to smoulder and drop away in cinders. My eyes ached excruciatingly, it was like staring broadside into a noonday sun.

But still my electrode kept its place, still I watched and directed that tearing and eviscerating and raging current, burning across its sullen river-bed of steel.

"Quick, now!" I called to the man behind me. "Put on your motor-gloves and stand ready! Have your fire-axe!"

He did as I bade him.

"See, it's going! It's honeycombed! It's as rotten as cheese! It's as soft as soap!" I cried like a madman.

"But it's too late!" groaned the man. "It's too late!"

"See! there go the lock tumblers!" I cried. We could hear them fall, the muffled concussion of metals, within the works.

I swung off the current and caught the waiting axe from his hand. I was almost blind at the moment. I could see only the still incandescent glow of the metal that was scorching my skin, singeing my eyebrows, burning the very hair off my head.

But I crushed in on the corroded, rotted metal, I cut into the slag and cinders. And the axe-head went through the devitalized tissue as though it had been chalk, with a little whistle of air that told me the shell of the safe itself had been penetrated.

I used the axe, then, somewhat after the fashion of a fireman's hook, tearing and wrenching at the heavy lock-mechanism. Something fell away at each wrench, at each stroke. I could hear the man at my shoulder panting quick and wheezily. Suddenly he began to shout, past my ear, into the cavity before him.

For I had cut through to the very vault itself.

No answer came to his shout. Together we tore and pulled at the burned-out lock-bar releases, wrenching them, one by one, from their sockets.

We fought like madmen there before that great charred door, for even with the bolts drawn back we found it annealed and cemented, by the heat, in each flange of the stepped edges, glued to the body of the vault itself.

We fought and wrenched at it until the ponderous thing of ruin slowly yielded and swung back on its charred and rotted hinge.

I tore my goggles off, flung away the burnt fur coat, and staggered back to the wall, faint and dizzy. There I leaned, for a moment or two, panting for breath.

As sight came back to my dazed eyes I could dimly make out the figure of the other man, in the body of the vault, stooping over the figure of the woman. Then I could hear his cry:

"She's fainted—she's only fainted!"

He was half-lifting, half-dragging, her huddled weight out into the air.

"I tell you she's alive—she's breathing!" he exulted.

I felt weak and faint and sick myself. But I staggered toward the door. As I did so I heard the shock of a falling body.

The man had let the woman drop to the floor.

"*This woman's not my daughter!*" he cried.

My first vague impression was that the man had lost his senses. "*This woman's the sneak-thief who robbed my house two weeks ago! She's the woman-leader of the MacNutt gang—the burglar who posed as a lady's-maid!*"

I stumbled dizzily out into the corridor. Once there I ran like a pelted and homeless hound down those quiet and empty halls until I came to the street door. I wrenched it open with my pocket-jimmy. Then I rounded the corner and hurried on, automatically, without sense of direction or destination.

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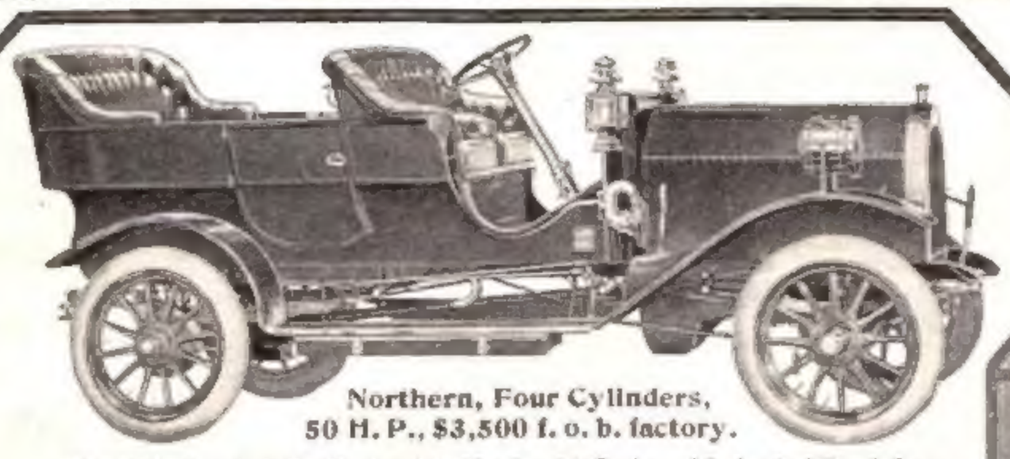

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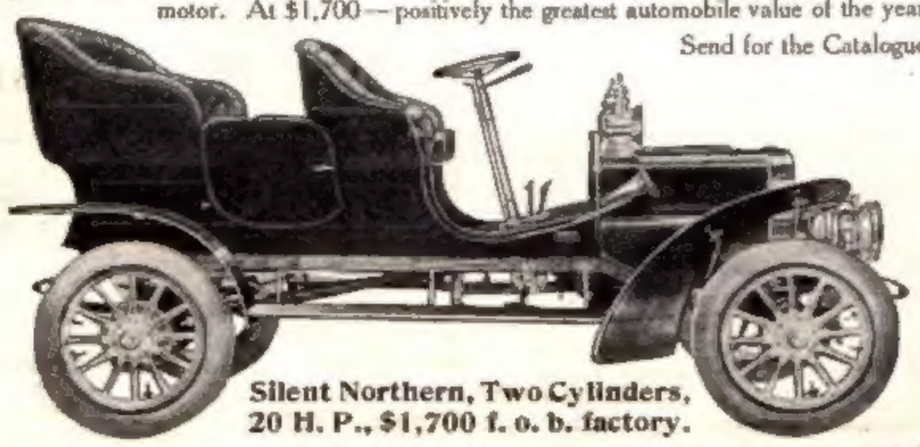

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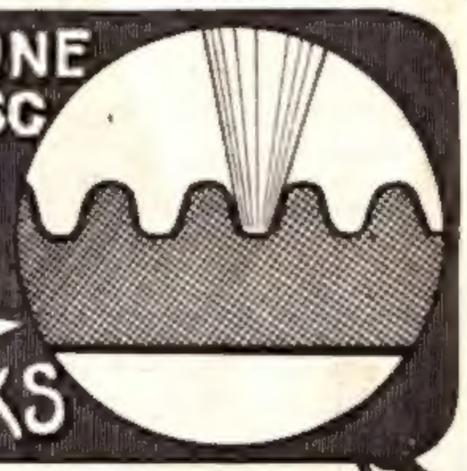
DID YOU EVER EXAMINE A SECTION OF A DISC TALKING MACHINE RECORD UNDER A MICROSCOPE? THIS IS HOW IT LOOKS



The illustration above shows a highly magnified section of a disc talking machine record, with a needle point in playing position. The grooves shown are only $\frac{5}{1000}$ of an inch wide and deep. Think of it, no larger than a fine hair. The slightest accumulation of dust, grease from the fingers, particles worn from the record by the needle while playing, will pack in these minute grooves and fill them up, which prevents the needle point from going to the bottom of them, and a poor, flat, scraping tone results. The user thinks the record worn out when it actually needs only cleaning and lubrication. RECORDITE will do this for less than ½ cent per record.

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